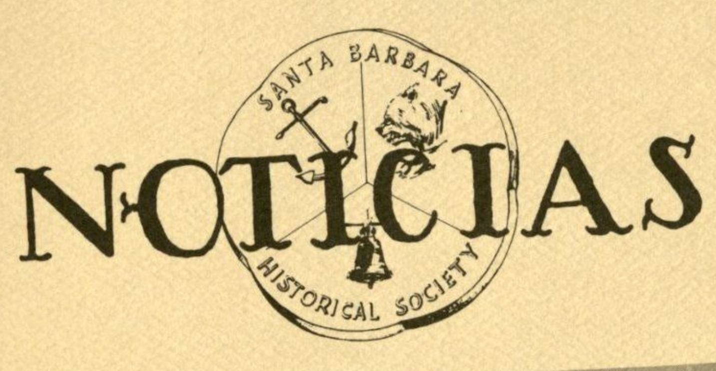
QUARTERLY BULLETIN
OF THE
SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
136 EAST DE LA GUERRA STREET
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA 93101

Mr. George E. Frakes
735 Willow Glen Road
Santa Barbara, Calif. 93105

NOTICIAS

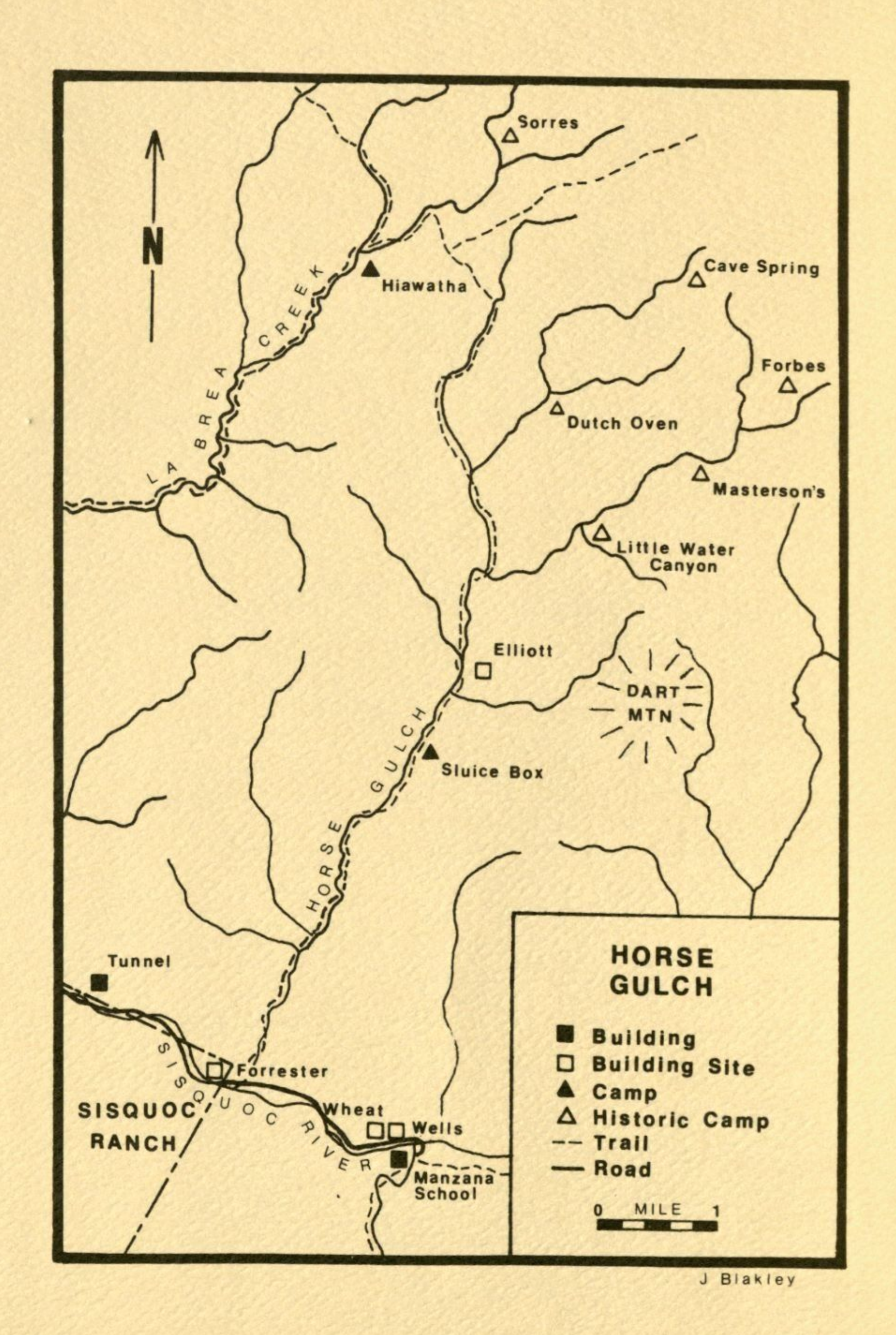


Washington Filifera palm, Stafford ranch

K. Marriott

Vol. XXXI, No. 4

Winter, 1985



Map of Horse Gulch area (story pg. 66) James R. Blakley

KATHERINE STAFFORD'S JOURNAL

By Katheryn E. Marriott*

Among articles left to me by Ruth S. Main, wife of Dr. Roscoe C. Main, Santa Barbara County health officer in the 1930s, was a diary of Ruth's grandmother, Katherine Kidder Stafford, when she and her husband came to Santa Barbara to live in 1895. About twenty years ago, Ruth pointed out to me the family's property in Montecito, which she first visited in 1897 or 1898, when she was seven or eight years old. The journal is an interesting revelation of contemporary activities here when her grandparents came in 1895.

Katherine Kidder Stafford and her husband, Henry Hinckley Stafford, pioneer druggist and first mayor of Marquette on Lake Superior in Michigan's Upper Peninsula, made the trip from Chicago to Los Angeles by Santa Fe and up to Santa Barbara by Southern Pacific in the early summer of 1895. The couple hoped that a change to a milder climate would bring about an improvement in Henry's health.

Katherine kept a journal of the trip to California and of their experiences during the first few weeks after their arrival. Her daily record extended from the middle of May to the end of the first week in July.

After waiting in the Santa Fe depot in Chicago for several hours for their sleeper to be ready, the Staffords departed at 10 p.m. Thursday, May 16, 1895, for what Katherine called "our long journey over the continent."

On the morning of the second day, the travelers crossed the Mississippi River at Fort Madison, Iowa, and "sped" across Iowa and Missouri. In Kansas City, Missouri, they left the train for a little exercise. The route then continued through Kansas, "rich and fine looking farming country, but crops apparently killed by frost. Fine groves of oaks and cottonwood trees. Passed through Lawrence, scene of old time slavery troubles."

The third day out the couple were "skimming along the great plains of western Kansas." Later in the day they passed through Colorado where from La Junta Pike's Peak "was plainly visible 115 miles away." At Trinidad they "exchanged our locomotive for two very powerful mountain ones, and commenced the ascent to Raton Pass, up the curling road, bends so sharp as to make wheels creak and shriek. Could see both ends of the train about all the time from our car. Finally, after passing the boundary line, New Mexico and Colorado, we entered tunnel 2,016 feet long and 7,600 feet up. Now began the descent, and it was a long and rapid one." They ate supper at Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Most of Sunday was spent going through Indian country. "Passed immense herds of goats, sheep, and many Indians working in their fields. At Flagstaff were many thousands of feet up and in the midst of fine pine forests."

The Mojave Desert awaited the Staffords on Monday as they began the last leg of their trip to the West. It took six and one-half hours for the train to cross the great desert. "Towards noon began to ascend and soon reached the summit nearly 4,000 feet up. From here we went rapidly down to San Bernardino. On the way passed beautiful wild flowers, yucca, palms of

*Miss Marriott, a retired Santa Barbara City College English instructor, has contributed to *Noticias* previously. She spends her spare time doing research in the fields of literature and history.

immense size, 20 to 30 feet high, and many flowers growing wild that are highly prized in Eastern hot houses."

During the forty-minute wait at San Bernardino, the passengers got off the train and walked up and down the platform. The Staffords bought "some fine oranges for 10 cents per dozen."

From San Bernardino the trip "to Los Angeles was fine. Passed rapidly down the San Gabriel Valley, and the magnificent scenery. Groves of oranges, peaches, pears, apricots, plums, figs, olives, etc. were new to me. Orange and other trees loaded down with fruit. Fine and immense vineyards, groves of live oaks, eucalyptus, hedges of Calla lilies, weeping willows, etc., made it seem like a paradise. Beautifully kept ranches on the distant foothills and the distant valleys and mountains seemed to me like another world."

Arriving in Los Angeles at 6:30 p.m., the Staffords went to the Hotel Hollenbeck for the night. The next morning after a hearty breakfast for which they paid fifteen cents each, they took the streetcar to the Southern Pacific train and started for Santa Barbara. The Southern Pacific refused to check Katherine's bicycle, so they had to pay a dollar to ship it by express. After a four and one-half hour ride, they arrived in Santa Barbara.

In Santa Barbara they arranged to take four rooms for $15 a month at Mrs. Cook's until they could find a house. "Had baggage sent up and got settled. This is a beautiful town, and the palms and cactus etc. are fine, a literal city of flowers. Father and I walked down to ocean front and sat a long time."

The following day, Wednesday, May 22, was the first full one for the Staffords in Santa Barbara. After working on her bicycle a while in the morning, Katherine joined her husband "on long wharf, where we sat a long time." In the afternoon they "walked to old Spanish Mission. This is a fine old relic. While there the old bells rang. Went inside the chapel. Back to car line and down to beach again."

For the next few days the couple established a kind of pattern. They spent their days between the beach and the town and their evenings reading and writing letters home. One entry in the journal referred to Katherine's inability to realize that they were about 2,800 miles from home and family. In another entry Mrs. Stafford wrote, "Took a short ride on my bicycle, but the sun prevented me from taking a long one."

For her entry dated Sunday, May 26, Katherine recorded a scene that took place at what she calls the Plaza.[1] "While waiting for a drug store to open, walked out to end of Plaza where there were crowds and two bands taking turns at playing. Great place for bicycles. Saw several 'ladies' in bloomers and 4 or 5 Chinamen wheeling and coasting down the street."

Later in the same week she went to a fire and describes in her journal what she saw: "Quite a fire here. First man who hitches team to steamer gets $10, and hose, cart, and ladder trucks, $5. This p.m. in their zeal to be first, one driver smashed a hose reel into bits. House burned to ground."

As May ended and June began, Katherine devoted several lines in her entries to the weather. It was windy, dusty and chilly. On one day there

1. This was Plaza del Mar, a large landscaped area at the end of West Cabrillo Boulevard and Castillo Street.

were even showers. All of this caused her to wonder how those who bragged about the perfect weather were explaining the obvious deviations. But the weather improved.

On June 3, the Staffords were at the Plaza where "we witnessed a service of the Faith Soc'y, in which 4 women and 2 men were baptized in the surf. Amid the singing and praying of the Society, those to be baptized were escorted out singly, and when the breakers came in, were pushed under it and completely soaked. As all had on ordinary clothes, some hats, it was a queer sight."

The next few days the Staffords spent house hunting. They found what they were looking for and on June 20 "Packed our effects and moved up to #227 Valerio St. to the Haywood house[2], which Father had rented for a year. Pleasant house and beautiful view of mts."

Settled into their new living quarters, the Staffords began to take steps to become a part of the community. Great readers, one of the first things they did was to get library cards. In her entry for Saturday, June 29, Katherine recorded that event: "After that, to the Public Library where we looked over papers and upon guarantee of Mr. J.C. Hassinger both Father and I got library cards and books."

July began with a series of foggy mornings, but that didn't discourage the celebration of our nation's birthday. On the Fourth, the Staffords entered into the spirit. "On way to dinner stopped at Burton Mound to see the Barbecue in progress there. Hundreds of people there eating the free beef and bread, listening to speeches, or dancing. Spent p.m. on Plaza which was crowded. Races near at hand on sea and land . . . Great din from fire crackers all day and town gayley decorated. Mexicans, Chinese, and all celebrating."

The journal's final entry was recorded Monday, July 8: "Fog this a.m. Clear and fine p.m. Read awhile and then to Plaza."

For the Staffords, the biggest event in their California experiment took place after Katherine ceased writing in her journal. On August 12, the couple "in consideration of ten dollars of gold coin of the United States of America" confirmed a deal and signed a deed for the purchase of slightly over fifteen acres in Montecito from Henry D. Reaves and his wife Kate.

This property, which the Staffords intended to use for growing lemons, is located across East Valley Road from what is now Montecito Village. More specifically, the piece of land they purchased is bound on the south by Montecito Union School, on the east by part of the school's playground and Manning Park, on the north by Hosmer Lane and on the west by Pimento Lane.

Historically, this is an interesting acreage because its northern line converged with "a tract of land granted by the President of the town of Santa Barbara to Maria Domingues de Juarez by a deed dated March 5th, 1868." This is the Juarez for whom the Hosmer Adobe, still on the site, was constructed.

2. The owner of the house on West Valerio Street, probably built about 1890, was Charles W. Hayward, who owned several properties in town. He was the owner of Hayward's furniture store, and descendants still live in Santa Barbara.

The Stafford deed goes on to say that "the above described tract is a part of the Santa Barbara Pueblo lands which were confirmed to the Mayor and Common Council of the city of Santa Barbara by patent of the United States government dated May 31st, 1872."

Ninety years later the Stafford "lemon ranch" remains pretty much as it was when they bought it. Development has occurred around but not in it. Growing willy nilly are a few neglected lemon trees, some scattered tall palms, a variety of shrubs, and an abundance of healthy weeds, some or all of which may date back to the 1870s and 80s when there was a nursery at this location. After circling the property on foot, this writer concluded that, overall, it probably looked more cared for in 1895 than it does in 1985.

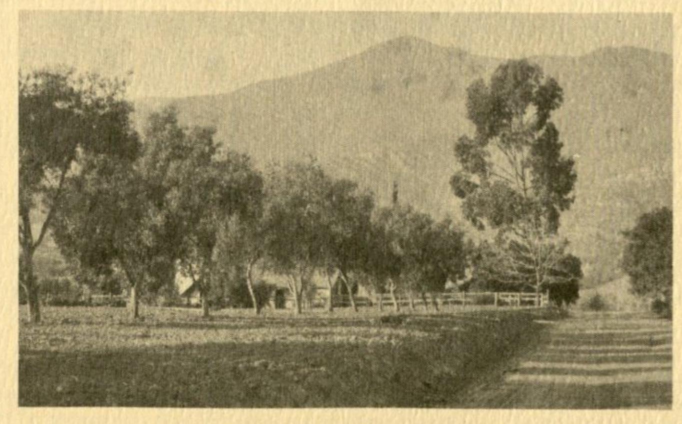
The tall palm tree on the cover probably was a remnant of the nursery days. The Staffords were proud of it, and on the back of the photo Mrs. Stafford wrote: "This old palm tree is one of the wonders of Montecito and is in one of the ravines on our ranch. This is the largest palm in this part of the country. Morgan H. Stafford looking up at palm." (Morgan was one of Katherine and Henry's sons.)

There are still a few tall palms on the property. They may be descended from the one pictured, but none matches its magnificence.

In 1898, three years after their arrival in Santa Barbara and the purchase of their Montecito ranch, the Staffords left California for Mt. Vernon, N.Y. Apparently, Henry's health did improve, which had been the reason they came in the first place. They were growing older, and their family and roots were elsewhere. In 1900, they settled in Newton, Massachusetts, where they remained for the rest of their lives.

The Stafford Drug Store in Marquette had been turned over to their son, Edward Orr Stafford, who ran it for many years before retiring to Pasadena. In 1951, he came to Santa Barbara to live with his daughter, Ruth (Mrs. R.C. Main), a long-time resident of Hope Ranch and a popular Adult Education wood carving instructor. He died here in 1956 at age 98.

I do not know to whom the Staffords turned over their ranch when they left Santa Barbara to return to the East. In addition to the improvement in Henry's health, the financial Panic of 1897 may have been a contributing factor to their departure from California. I do not know this for a fact.



Olive trees on Stafford ranch, looking north K. Marriott

The part of Katherine Stafford's journal that interested me the most was her account of their trip on the Santa Fe from Chicago to Los Angeles.

My father may have been the conductor in charge of their train while it was running between Chicago and Fort Madison, Iowa. He began his long railroad career about 1883. By 1895 he would have made the rank of conductor. After working the Illinois Division for 53 years, my father retired from the Santa Fe in 1936.

In 1923, when I was eight years old, my mother and I made the same trip from Chicago to Los Angeles that the Staffords had made in 1895. Spending so much time en route must seem tedious and boring to the present day traveler who can fly from Chicago to Los Angeles in fewer hours than it used to take a passenger train to cross the Mohave Desert.

I myself have flown the route several times, but not one of those faster trips had made the kind of impression on me that my train ride of so many years ago left. Flying is too swift for creating lasting memories.

When the Staffords rode the train in 1895 and when I did 28 years later, something eventful was happening every minute. On my trip our porter knew my father, so he took it upon himself to be my personal tour guide. He led me from one end of the train to the other so many times I could legitimately have claimed to have walked the whole distance from Chicago to Los Angeles.

I had a good view of the extra engines to pull the long train over the mountains. I well remember getting off the train at its station stops to exercise and to eat at the Fred Harvey restaurants serving the Santa Fe. Because I feared that the train might take off without me, I had some difficulty relaxing to enjoy my meals. I kept watching the crew eating because I was pretty sure the train couldn't depart without them.

At Albuquerque, Indians in full regalia lined both sides of the walk leading up to the station. They were seated with their wares spread out in front of them. When it was time for us to leave, they came to the train holding objects up to the windows, hoping for a last minute sale or two. I purchased a string of blue and white beads, a bow and arrow and a small vase that had some smelly scent baked into its clay. Zane Grey's Indians were not like those I saw at Albuquerque. I was disappointed.

I did not bring a bicycle to California as did Katherine Stafford, but I did bring a large tricycle. We avoided the shipping problem encounterd by Katherine by disassembling the trike and packing the parts in a trunk. I don't know if anyone in authority ever suspected what the trunk contained. I do remember, however, that we were charged for excess baggage.

From Los Angeles my mother and I were taken to Monrovia. We later visited Santa Barbara, when we touched several coastal cities in my cousin's open Rickenbacker touring car.

No one can deny that we can get places faster today than the Staffords did in 1896 or than I did in 1923, but if you are into nostalgia, there is something very special about remembering a long journey on a good train, especially if your destination were the "paradise" of southern California.

HORSE GULCH

By E.R. "Jim" Blakley*

Horse Gulch is one of the least known and most seldom visited areas in Los Padres National Forest. While not included in the San Rafael Wilderness, it is a remote primeval area and at one time was prosposed to be included in the San Rafael Wilderness.

The Sisquoc River drains the area between the San Rafael Mountains on the south and the Sierra Madre (Mountains) on the north. Its head is just below Alamar Saddle on the north side of Bigg Pine Mountain, which is the highest mountain in Santa Barbara County. The Sisquoc River joins the Cuyama River to become the Santa Maria River, which flows into the Pacific Ocean just west of the town of Guadalupe. Horse Gulch is one of the main tributaries of the Sisquoc River. It drains an area on the south slope of the Sierra Madre Mountains between La Brea Canyon on the west and Water Canyon on the east. The Gulch has two main tributaries which flow into the main canyon from the northeast. These canyons contribute the majority of the water flowing in the Gulch and run the year around.

A large portion, 35,486 acres, of the central Sisquoc River valley and surrounding hills was granted by Governor Pio Pico on June 3, 1833, to Maria Antonio Caballero. On August 24, 1866, James B. Huie received a United States government patent for this grant and in 1891 Thomas B. Bishop and John T. Porter purchased the Rancho. In 1899 Robert E. Easton was employed by the Sisquoc Investment Company to survey the lands the company had recently purchased. Mr. Easton determined that the northeast corner of the ranch was located just west of the mouth of Horse Gulch. The exact location of this corner has been a point of contention ever since Mr. Easton's original survey.

At the Sisquoc Ranch headquarters is a map of the Sisquoc Ranch dated 1882, based on data from a map of October, 1860. This old map lists "Hill's Cabin" at the mouth of Horse Gulch. This is the first recorded residence on the Gulch.

On another map with no date and just the statement "Resurvey of Ranch T. 9. N. R. 30 W," Horse Gulch is called "Brush Creek" and the land near the mouth of the Gulch is shown to be owned by W.K. Hobson, U.S. Patent May 20, 1885. (Another date on the map is given as 1897, its earliest date of publication, so the map had to be made in 1897 or thereafter.)

W.K. (Billy) Hobson married Eliza J. Tunnell, the sister of George and William Tunnell, who homesteaded just a short distance west of the mouth of Horse Gulch. William Tunnell's house is still standing, the only old homestead house still standing. It is used as a line cabin by the Sisquoc Land and Cattle Company, which purchased it from the Tunnells. Billy Hobson's land was obtained by cash entry purchase November 16, 1883, and reconveyed to the Unted States on May 1, 1900. This land was located on the mesa just west of the mouth of Horse Gulch.

In the late 1800s the Forrester family took up land at the mouth of the Gulch. The mother, Cassandra (Pinnick) Forrester, had three sons with her

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*Jim Blakley, a previous contributor to *Noticias*, hs made a longtime study of our back country. His "Historical Overview of Los Padres National Forest" was published recently by the U.S. Forest Service.

who each filed homesteads on the Sisquoc River. Edward Everett Forrester (Ed) filed at Horse Gulch. For a number of years the homestead developed to include a house, barn, and other outbuildings, fields of alfalfa and hay on the flat terraces along the river, a large fruit orchard, a garden watered by means of a ditch from Horse Gulch, and numerous horses and cattle ranging up the Gulch and on the surrounding hills. Cassandra is reported to have filed on a homestead in Section 14 on Horse Gulch, but no known patent was issued. Cassandra died on February 3, 1895, and is buried on a little flat on top of a low ridge on the east side of Horse Gulch across from the ruins of the old ranchhouse. The grave is surrounded by a low cement and stone wall.

On October 4, 1898, Ed Forrester received a patent for his homestead. Problems began to develop: Two years of drought destroyed the crops and forced the removal of most of the stock. The creation of the Pine Mountain and Zaca Lake Forest Reserve brought an end to the free open range, and other restrictions on hunting and brush burning. The boundary survey made by Robert Easton was a point of contention with the Sisquoc Ranch. Late surveys only complicated the problem. Ed Forrester visited the Imperial Valley in 1901 and on July 2 took up 160 acres of land, and in May of 1903 his family joined him in the valley. Through reconveyance, the Horse Gulch property reverted to the United States Government and later through land exchanges, portions of the land became the property of the Sisquoc Ranch.

Joseph Libeu's Trail Work

On January 4, 1906, Joseph J. Libeu, United States Forest Service patrolman for this area, wrote in his diary, "Thursday started on the Horse Gulch made 37 rods of trail cutting brush and trimming trees dug out small brush by their roots removed rocks making trail from 2 to 3 feet wide trim brush and trees 6 to 8 feet wide. 8 hours work." On February 20 he reported that with the aid of John B. Libeu, his brother, and George Root, they completed the trail for a distance of six and one-tenth miles. This distance would have taken them out of the Horse Gulch drainage over the divide down to Hiawatha Camp in the South Fork of La Brea Canyon. A few years before 1968 the Sisquoc Ranch ran a bulldozer over the old horse trail to make it easier to get cattle in and out of the canyon. In 1968-1969 the big floods washed out the road in numerous places, but it is still passable on foot or horseback.

One and three-tenths miles up the canyon in an open area is an iron sign announcing "Sluice Box Camp." Thiş is an error. Continuing on up the canyon and after numerous crossings back and forth across the creek, you enter a grove of Coast Live Oak trees on the east side of the creek and come to the real Sluice Box Camp. It is located three and one-half miles up stream from the mouth of the canyon and contains one wooden table, two grate stoves, and a throne (outhouse without roof or sides). At this location the bedrock forces the water in the bottom of the creek to the surface. Art Forrester, son of Ed Forrester, said that the homesteaders used to sluice for gold from the gravel of the creek bed. Nowadays the camp is used mostly by deer hunters. Robert Goodchild and Henry Nogues informed me that the mountain northeast of the camp is named "Dart Mountain" after a Santa Maria dentist by that name who used to hunt in that area.

Seven-tenths of a mile farther up the Gulch is a rather open area with wide stream terraces on both sides of the creek. Prior to 1894 Fred Carver established a homestead claim here and began developing a ranch, which he later sold to W.H. Elliott. The first mention of Mr. Elliott is found in the Santa Maria Times on August 22, 1891: "Hunters Return. The ten-day hunters, Messrs. Long, Bell, Cook and Elliott returned from the Sisquoc and Cuyama Mountain on Tuesday. They reported having had an excellent time and worlds of fun." The following other mentions of Mr. Elliott are made in the Santa Maria Times, September 15, 1894: "W.H. Elliott, the photographer, is stopping at F.K. Koerners's ranch for his health, which is considerably improved." October 20, 1894: "W.H. Elliott was riding up Horse Gulch when a deer jumped in front of his horse. In dismounting Mr. Elliott hurt his hand quite badly." January 12, 1895: "Mr. Elliott has bought the Fred Carver ranch and is making the dirt fly in 'Horse Gulch.'" January 26, 1895: "Mr. Elliott has been stormbound in Horse Gulch the past week." April 6, 1895: "Wm. Elliott intends going into the bee business." May 14, 1895: "E.E. Forrester and W.H. Elliott have gone to Santa Barbara on business. On their return, Mr. Elliott intends opening a photography gallery in Santa Maria. We wish him much success." This is the last mention in the paper about Horse Gulch and Mr. Elliott. He, like many of the other homesteaders, found that they could not make a living from their ranches and let them revert to the wilds. Now in 1985 all that remains indicating that Mr. Elliott homesteaded the flats are some piles of rocks he removed from the land he started to clear and farm, and a few old rusted tin cans and broken pieces of sun-colored purple glass.

A short distance upstream from the flats is the mouth of the first large canyon coming from the northeast. On some of the old maps it is given the name "Little Water Canyon."

Hunting Camps

During the 1920s and 1930s hunting camps were established in the Santa Barbara backcountry by families or groups of friends. These same camps were used year after year by the same people, and eventually assumed the names of the users. When the C.C.C. boys worked on the forest in the 1930s, they improved the trails to these camps and furnished them with tables and ice can stoves. When World War II reduced the Forest Service manpower, a closure was instituted in the forest which was not lifted at the end of the war because of its use as a fire control measure. This closure, though for just part of the year, came at the time hunting season was on, so it brought an end to the use of most of the old hunting camps. Many of these old camps still exist, but are little used and much overgrown by chaparral.

The 1968-1969 floods washed out some of the camps and destroyed the trails to others. Confusion exists as to their correct names and locations. In some cases one camp may have had a different name, depending on who was using it at the time the map was made. Locations are quite vague. In most cases the map maker just took the word of someone for its location.

The 1938 Recreation Map for the Southern Division of Los Padres National Forest shows the largest number of these old camps. For Horse Gulch it lists: Sluice Box, Little Water Canyon, Masterson's and Forbes' on

the lower east fork of Horse Gulch. On the upper east fork are Dutch Oven and Cave Springs Camps. On later maps the name Coy-Johnson is given to Little Water Canyon Camp. Henry Nogues and Robert Goodchild stated that Johnson was a barber from Santa Maria who hunted this area, and Dutch Oven got its name from an old cast-iron Dutch oven left at the camp.

Horse Gulch today remains very much as it was when first visited by the early pioneers of our country. A few cattle from the Sisquoc Ranch graze the lower portion of the canyon, and during the deer season hunters visit the upper canyons and ridges looking for a shot at the elusive buck. During the rest of the year only the local wildlife know and enjoy the beauties of Horse Gulch.

BELMORE BROWNE, A.N.A.

By Stella Haverland Rouse

Although Santa Barbara had a large number of gifted artists in the 1920s and 1930s, when the School of the Arts was flourishing, there seems to be a dearth of available information regarding their works and activities. A few newspaper clippings and a contribution by the late Marshall Bond, Jr., summarize some of Belmore Browne's achievements.

He was born at New Brighton, Staten Island, New York, in 1880 and died in 1954. He was head of the Santa Barbara School of the Arts, 1930-34. Later he lived in Ross, California, in the winters and spent the summers in Banff, Alberta, Canada. After he came here, he was popular as an occasional speaker on the country where he painted Canadian Rockies scenes. He had written a book on the conquest of Mt. McKinley—three attempts to climb the highest mountain in the United States.

In his lecture at the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, this student of big game told of another attempt at trail breaking, after two unsuccessful trips, by a party of four men and 14 dogs braving avalanches, crevasses and storms in high altitudes, and the end of their climb because of a blizzard in which the party would have perished had the men continued.

Because of his interest in big game, he volunteered on several occasions to paint backgrounds for Museum animals, according to Museum of Natural History leaflets. Members of the staff accompanied him in the spring of 1929 to the Antelope Valley to make sketches at "Antelope Buttes," about ten miles from Lancaster, for the Antelope Group, a vivid contrast to his wintry scenes.

After a field trip to Oso (Bear) Canyon near the Santa Ynez Ranger Station in 1932, he painted a wild gorge for the Grizzly Bear Group. An article in *Noticias,* Volume XI, No. 2, Spring, 1965, points out that "group" backgrounds are difficult to present in proper perspective. There is a large "wall space" to be painted, the surface is in a curve, and the artist's painting must seem a part of the whole in the diorama. For instance, a few stones in the foreground seem to blend in realistically with the animals and the painting.

The Seal Group at the Museum also has Browne's background painting.

His canvases were displayed a number of times during his residence here. In November, 1933, Verne Linderman described in the Morning Press three typical paintings which were in the main gallery of the Faulkner Memorial

Art Wing at the Public Library: "Spring on a Northern River" depicted "a clear mountain stream cutting its way between icy banks through a lonely, still wintry canyon." "Melting Snow" caught "shreds of an evanescent early September snow in the high mountains." "Snow in the Woods" was "snow in earnest, covering the crowding pines and the down-timber, and shot acrosss with a filtered shaft of sunlight."

Miss Linderman called the artist "a faultless technician and a powerful objective painter."

The late Marshall Bond, Jr., contributed this revelation of the nature lover's trips into the wilderness:

Belmore Browne, Backpacker

By Marshall Bond, Jr.

When I was young, backpacking was practiced by a few exceptionally rugged individuals like my father, who thought nothing of struggling to a distant mining claim with 100 pounds on his back. The great popularity it enjoys today is due to light weight equipment, dehydrated food, lack of pack animals and a healthy escape from the pressures of urban life.

The most rugged and expert backpacker I ever knew was the artist, author and arctic explorer Belmore Browne. He went to Amhurst, studied painting in Paris and was director of the School of the Arts here in 1930-34. He was a nature painter and did the background for the grizzly bear exhibit at the Museum of Natural History. He also spent many summers in Banff and painted scenes of the Canadian Rockies. In 1906, 1910 and again in 1912 he attempted to climb Mt. McKinley. He nearly made it in the latter year, but when close to the summit, was forced back by a terrible storm. It was first climbed in 1913.

Belmore's family was noted for its humor. A brother came out to Santa Barbara for a visit at the height of the Spanish revival when tile roofs and Spanish names were all the rage. On a walk in the hills, his brother noticed a big black bird soaring overhead.

"What kind of a bird is that?" he asked.

"A buzzard," answered Belmore.

"I think you mean El Buzzardo," his brother replied.

During the summer of 1924 my father wrote Belmore Browne a letter about backpacking. Here is his reply:

Belmore Browne on Backpacking

Dear Marshall,

It was a great pleasure to get your letter, and I'll try to give you in a few words the gist of what I feel about backpacking.

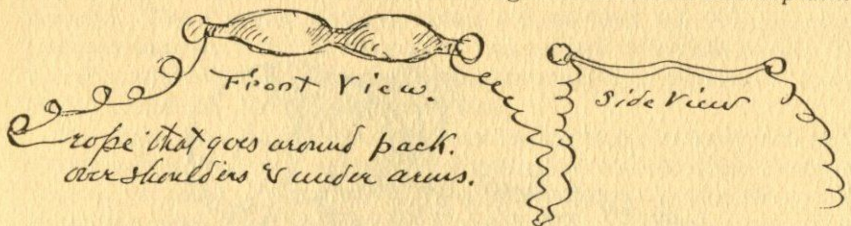
1. Instead of hating it as most men do, I think it is the finest and hardiest of all methods of wilderness travel. It brings you so close to nature that I always feel that no man knows the hills until he has "packed his own."

2. I make up my pack as large and as loosely as possible—so that it may have the largest possible bearing surface on one's back.

3. I use the tump line (always) in connection with the shoulder straps. As even a slight lift on the tump line prevents the pack from pulling down or tiring the shoulder muscles. If my shoulders begin to ache, I tighten up on the tump line or visa versa.*

*Algonquin word; A sling formed by a strap slung over the forehead or chest.

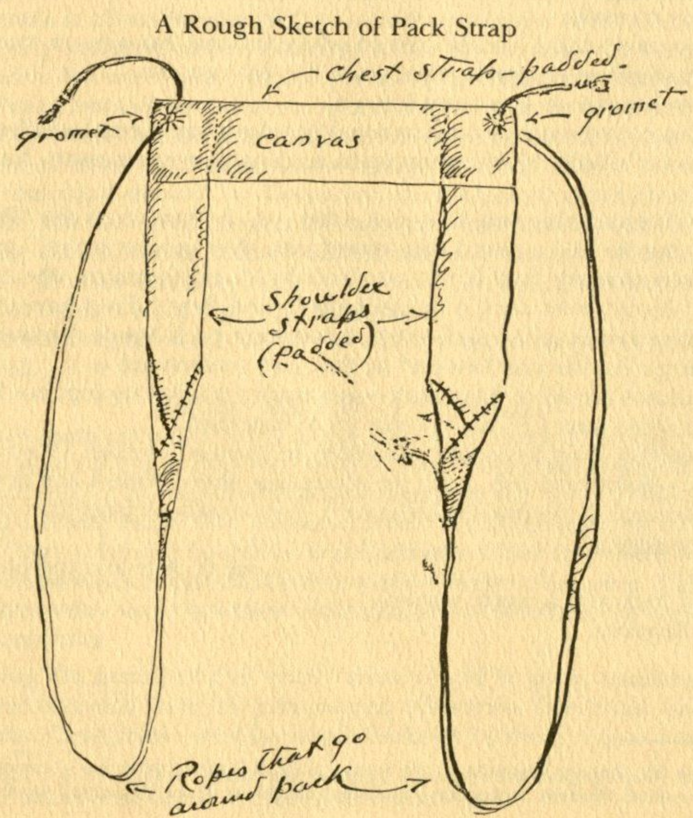
4. The type of pack-strap I use is one that I evolved on the coast of the Behring Sea. The Aleuts use a "stick" instead of a "strap" .
If you have not seen the "stick," the rough sketch below will explain:



As you will see, the stick fits the chest, but—while it is extremely light and *<u>handy</u>* *to carry—it chafes on a long hike.*

The Aleut "rig" started me thinking and I duplicated it, using canvas (padded) instead of wood. The result is the best pack-strap I have ever used. The first time I used it on a big scale was in 1910 when I equipped the whole bunch on our trip to Mt. McKinley. On this trip we started relay packing with an outfit weighing over 1200 pounds. Our route lay over snow and ice—nothing else—for two months. We carried all our fuel, even (alcohol). In an airline we traveled a good bit more than 100 miles. Four of us did the heavy packing and when we got going strong, we carried from 80 to 100 pounds . . .

A Rough Sketch of Pack Strap



Rough Sketch of Method of Adjusting Pack



I have never yet formed a pack to which this "strap" could not be adjusted.

Its advantages are as follows:

1. Easy to make.
2. Extremely light, can be carried while fishing, hunting or tramping without slightest inconvenience, ready for instant use.
3. Comfortable as any strap known.
4. At any time a quick pull on ropes (marked A in sketch) will free load from packer's back. Most important in fording dangerous rivers, hunting, etc.

Dave Abercrombie put this pack strap on the market as the "Browne Strap," but he had a metal ring sewed into the "gromet holes," and the result was that the half-hitch wouldn't hold. Furthermore, the average "dude" doesn't ever pack if he can help it, and they did not have enough experience to adjust the pack-strap. A common pack bag or chuksack*(sic) is far better for the chickawker* as they can understand it.

My photos are all in New York—in a vault for safe-keeping; but I could get you some next fall, as I expect to go east then.

Excuse this long letter, but wanted to tell you all I could. This is God's country—game and fish. I can see Mountain Sheep almost any day in an hour's tramp. Agnes and the kids love it. Am painting harder than ever and learning slowly!

Love to Amy and the boys . . .

Good luck and a warm winter.
Belmore.

---

*Although Mr. Browne's writing in the letter was fairly legible, these two words may have been misspelled. Modern backpackers could not decifer or define the second word.

TALES OF THE BACK COUNTRY *

The Upper Santa Ynez Valley

From a geographic standpoint this entire valley could be described as containing two divisions, the upper or Easterly division and the Western division. The Easterly division, when viewed from an elevated point, presents somewhat the appearance of a huge bowl or amphitheater. The westerly edge of this bowl seems to terminate roughly at the Alisal Canyon, Solvang and the Old Mission Santa Inez.

The upper portion of the valley is more scenic than the lower half and is almost surrounded with mountains of two to four thousand feet elevation. One might think of these surrounding mountains as having the general shape of a horseshoe. The heels of the horseshoe would point west. Then, starting at the Northern heel of the shoe, would be Indian Peak (this peak slopes westward to Zaca Creek). From Indian Peak the high ridge continues East to Zaca Peak, Figueroa Mountain and Santa Cruz Peak. From here, going in a circular direction, the ridge connects to San Marcos Pass, then runs almost west to Refugio Pass and Gaviota. This point is the southern heel of the imaginary horseshoe. Between the two heels of the horseshoe a lower skyline of hills closes the gap.

A splendid view of the amphitheatre can be obtained from most any elevated point within the basin. There are many small valleys which slope toward the Santa Ynez River. Between several of these valleys mesas or flats are clearly discernible, and such flats occur at various levels. I happened, in about the year 1912, to be with a geologist named Dr. Cox. He was trying to trace a certain anticline which ran through the Santa Maria Oil Fields. We were resting on a slope below the ridge between Indian and Zaca Peaks, from which point the view of the entire basin was wonderful. It was at this time that Dr. Cox told me that each mesa indicated a different water level when the Pacific Ocean had covered the valley.

On this trip I showed Dr. Cox a deposit of black sand which covered a secluded side of the mountain. He said that this deposit was conclusive evidence that the Santa Maria fault did continue through this part of the country. Dr. Cox was a very interesting scientist, and, I believe, he was at that time with the Standard Oil Company.

This was the part of the country in which most of the events of this story occurred.

Hunting and Fishing Expeditions

Before there were any dams along the upper Santa Ynez River, storm water could run freely into the ocean at Surf. This would open a channel deep enough for the big steelhead fish to go from the ocean to the river for their spawning runs. Now, however, there are three dams on the upper river. There is Juncal, Gibraltar, and Cachuma. All of them must overflow before flood water can reach the ocean, and this rarely happens. Therefore, for many years there has been little chance for steelhead to make their spawning runs.

During the period of the "runs" there would be great numbers of the steelhead scattered along the river and its tributaries. The Alisal, Cachuma and Santa Cruz Creeks were favorite tributaries for them to spawn in. They

*This story was among a previous editor's papers. We have tried unsuccessfully to find out who this relative of the Coiner and Rice families might be.

would usually make their beds or nests in gravelly spots just above a reef or rapids——where the currents would not be swift enough to wash away their spawn. After spawning they would cruise around the vicinity of their nests and chase off small trout and other predators that might feed on their eggs. Around such nests was a good place to play a spinner when angling for the big fish. The spinner would resemble a live predator trying to get their spawn.

Among the few diversions available to the boys in the days of the "steelhead runs" were fishing and hunting trips. At times these trips would be just one-day affairs. Other times they would be overnight or longer. If the trip would be more than a day, we would be prepared to camp wherever night would overtake us. We would have blankets and equipment to cook our food. One time a group of us with three of my cousins, Arthur Coiner, Elmer Rice and William Rice, got together to catch steelhead. Also, Dallas Davis was one of the party.

After meeting together at Los Olivos, we decided to go to the Santa Cruz Creek. After arriving there, we followed up this stream until we came to an old barn that was used for a plow camp or station. There was a foot or so of hay on the ground floor of this barn. It was nearing evening, and the nights were cold and frosty, so the barn with the hay in it looked attractive to sleep in. The hay would be softer than the ground for our beds, and would be warmer also. There were stalls and mangers in part of the barn and several sets of chain harness hanging on pegs.

As we wanted to get up early next morning, Arthur Coiner said he would call us about 4 a.m., as he usually woke up about this time.

Before morning all were apparently sleeping soundly when a terrible commotion set in. It was still pitch dark when we heard what sounded like a wild horse "on the loose," running over our beds with heels flying, chains rattling, and after him a teamster yelling at the top of his voice, "Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Everyone made a dive for a place of safety to get away from this bronco which had "run amuck."

Well, after all of us had reached a safe perch, it was discovered that Arthur had slipped out of his bed and had quietly hung a set of chain harness over his shoulders and had been running around and over the beds rattling the harness and yelling, "Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!"

Another time, a party of us was on a deer hunting trip in the Sisquoc River country. There were many rattlesnakes in this country, so some of the fellows brought along a demijohn of whiskey for "snake bite" medicine.

There were a few abandoned shacks at intervals along the upper Sisquoc River. Some of them had rough beds made with poles. They were something like a box made the usual length of a bed and deep enough to contain a few inches of pine needles to take the place of a mattress. The box-like affair would be supported with four legs about two or three feet in length.

This hunting party elected to occupy one of these shacks while hunting in the vicinity.

One of the men in the party had trouble with chilblains in his feet, so he slept with his feet sticking out beyond the blankets. He occupied one of his afore-described beds. During the night he was awakened and was yelling about a sharp pain in one of his feet. Upon lighting a candle and examining his foot, two telltale bleeding punctures were there and spaced about like a rattler's fangs. Immediately the demijohn was produced, and they poured a lot of whiskey down his throat. When this was accomplished, and the patient was, of course, feeling no pain, a search of the cabin did not produce a rattlesnake. However, a house cat was discovered perched on a shelf not far from the bed. Apparently this cat had jumped onto the foot of the bed, and in doing so, had stuck his claws into the poor guy's foot.

Los Olivos

This little town was started in the early 1880s when the Pacific Coast Railroad completed building the railroad to Los Olivos.

The Pacific Coast Coal Company, a subsidiary of the railroad company, owned the land at the Southerly terminal point of the railroad. They were the sales agents and developers of the town. Streets were marked at the block corners with large white painted posts. Close-in streets were lighted with kerosene lamps mounted on posts.

Two stage lines were operating from this point to Santa Barbara: one line by way of Gaviota Pass, and the other by way of San Marcos Pass.

A rather impressive hotel was built on the hill which was on the East side of the valley. Also, there was a Presbyterian Church, and farther north on the hill a school building was located. About the same time, Mr. Felix Mattei built his tavern near the railroad station.

The two-story school building contained two large classrooms on the first floor. The second floor, however, was never finished and was left as one large, rough room. It was used for public meetings, entertainments, etc. At times there were two teachers; other times, one teacher would be required to teach all grades through the ninth grade. There would be an attendance of thirty or forty pupils.

The rooms of the school were heated with wood-burning stoves. Water was carried about one-eighth of a mile in buckets from a well belonging to Mr. Emile Heyman. A hand-operated pump and horse trough provided a means for customers of his general store to water their horses.

I recall that one time Fred Mattei was getting water for the school and was handling the pump rather roughly. Emile Heyman heard the rattling noise and tried to get him to go easier with the pump. Fred, however, was rather enjoying Heyman's anxiety for the pump and did not immediately obey. Then Heyman grabbed Fred and gave him quite a boxing with his open hand. Fred of course, was not too happy about this, so it was sort of an invitation for him to try some harmless but annoying tricks.

At this time stilts were popular amongst the school boys, and we made them with blocks or steps six to eight feet from the bottom ends. The eaves of the roof of Heyman's store were low enough so that Fred walked up to the side of the store on his high stilts, then sat on the edge of the roof and took his stilts with him. Heyman yelled to him to come down from the roof, but Fred, of course, would not do this. Heyman then threw rocks at

him, but Fred was along the ridge of the roof by this time and could move from one side of the ridge to the other for protection. This stunt was successfully repeated by Fred on several occasions; he also made sure that Heyman did not get a hold on him again.

Fred and Frank Mattei were the two eldest of the Mattei boys and graduated from the Los Olivos school at the time Professor Hankenson was the principal. Two rooms were occupied at that time.

The next principal was Mr. Frank Miller, and Clarence Mattei and I were in the upper class under him. Mr. Miller was a very good and very popular teacher. He was quite artistic and had the ability to put on popular little shows or entertainments. These little plays were enacted entirely by the school children. The last entertainment which was directed by Mr. Miller was during the year in which our class graduated. This show consisted, for the most part, of three main features entitled: "Shadow Pictures," "A Drama" and "Art Exhibitions," the latter presented by Clarence Mattei.

The unfinished second floor of the school building was, of course the "playhouse." The stage was a raised platform at the rear end of this large room. A curtain was so arranged that it could be raised and lowered; side enclosures were of cloth, and lighting was by kerosene lamps.

The shadow pictures came through quite successfully and received many compliments from the audience. I recall one of the shadow picture scenes which was presented in two parts. The first part, entitled "What the Little Boy did to the Teacher," showed a teacher's desk and chair as shadows on the curtain. Then the shadow of a small boy tiptoed up and placed a tack on the seat of the chair, point up. Next, the teacher's shadow appeared, seated itself, and, of course, took off with all the expected dramatic results . The second part of the skit, which was entitled, "What the Teacher did to the Little Boy," depicted the teacher applying a paddle to the seat of the little boy's pants.

"Art Exhibitions" consisted of charcoal drawings done "on the spot" by Clarence Mattei. The drawings were made on white sheets of paper, large enough so that even people sitting on the far end of the room could clearly see him making the pictures as well as the finished work.

Clarence was dressed in gay colors, with his face blacked like a negro's. He announced that he was going to make pictures "ob de Tree Principal Characters ob Los Olibus." The three principal characters turned out to be Emile Heyman, proprietor of the General Store, John Waugh, a former stage driver, and Tom Edgar, a constable.

Emile Heyman was a typical Country Merchant. He had a round full face and a rather lively waistline. His rather prominent eyes were adorned with heavy horn-rimmed spectacles.

The general store was operated by the two Heyman Brothers, Emile and Joe. Joe was a quiet sort of gentleman, while Emile was the more aggressive type. For instance, it was customary to have large baskets of eggs displayed in front of the counters of country stores at that time. One day a man wearing a coat with large pockets edged by one of the egg baskets. He would then slip some eggs into these pockets when he thought no one was

looking. However, Emile was wise to him and unconcernedly walked past the man and gave him a good hearty slap where each of the pockets was located. Nothing further was done or said about the incident.

John Waugh had long bushy whiskers, and usually a pipe in his mouth. He was a colorful stage driver, vaquero and Western sort of man, "dead shot" with his six gun. In his later years John spent most of his time making buckskin braided bridles, whiplashes and rawhide lariats. His braided whiplashes were famous among ranch-teamsters and especially stage drivers.

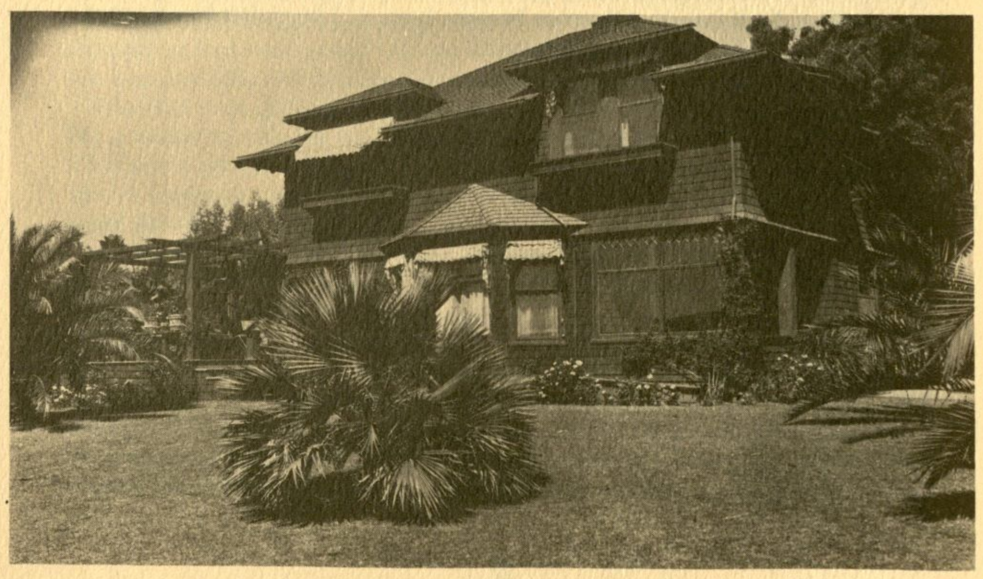
One time he made a lot of bridles, whips etc. for Mr. Francis T. Underhill, owner of El Roblar Ranch at Los Alamos. He was delivering them in a Petaluma cart on a cold winter day and was using a cotton quilt for a lap robe. A spark from his pipe set fire to the quilt and then to the cart. The fire ruined most of his fine trappings which he was delivering to El Roblar Ranch.

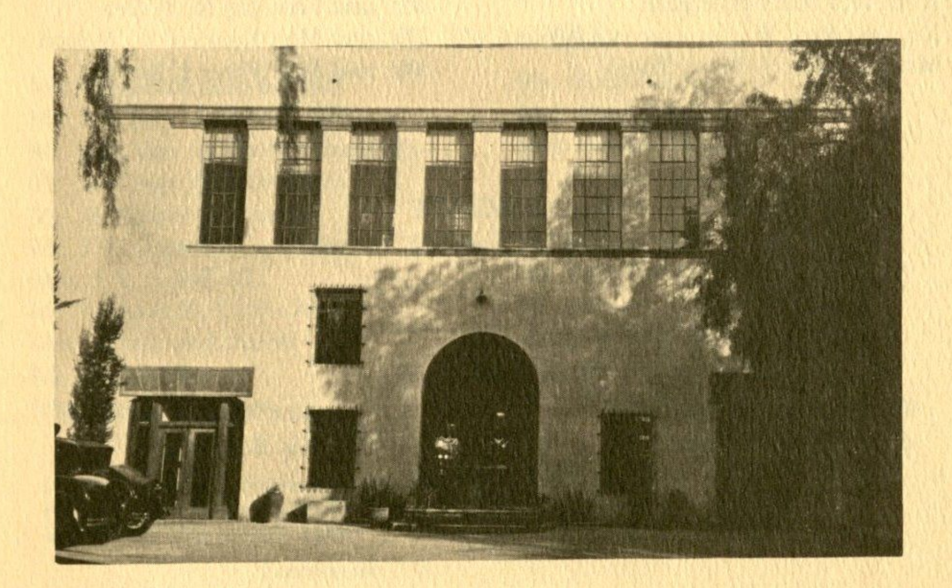
Tom Edgar was another colorful character, a rather nervous man who wore long, somewhat slender whiskers which seemed to match his slender build as well as his personality. He and John Waugh often worked together at carpentry. Tom most always carried a pistol, being a constable, and among other accomplishments, he was quite a story teller. He and John Waugh were close friends, and, when Tom would tell a big story which might be questionable, he would appeal to John for proof. John would then invariably say, "That's right, Tom, that's right, by gad."

Well, Clarence made three separate charcoal drawings of these unique men in a very few minutes. Just a few strokes and flourishes of the crayon, and, "presto," there was a picture that anyone knowing the subject could recognize instantly. It was particularly marvelous as this was before he had attended art school. It was a gift handed down from his forefathers; I had seen many drawings which were done by his father's relatives in the old country. These were kept in the Matteis' private cottage which was separate from the Hotel. Of course, Clarence became famous later [after he was sent to Paris to study by a wealthy sponsor.]

NOTICE

From time to time the Historical Museum is given pictures which are not labeled. Can you identify these buildings? If so, please tell Librarian Mike Redmon, Gledhill Library, telephone 966-1601.

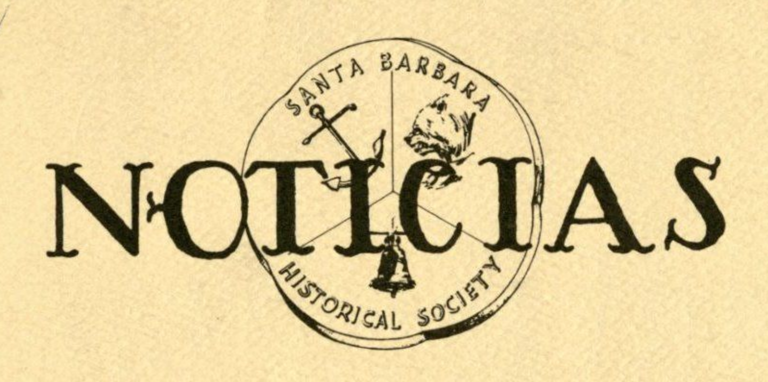




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Francis W. Wilson

Mrs. Frances Orton

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"Las Tejas" Wayne McCall

FRANCIS W. WILSON, ARCHITECT

by Patricia Gardner Cleek*

Coming from northern California in the middle 1890s, Francis W. Wilson settled in Santa Barbara as a practicing architect, stayed for twenty-five years and then returned to northern California. He left behind many fine buildings, some no longer in existence, and a few still standing today.

Born in 1870 in Massachusetts, Francis W. Wilson came to California with his parents in 1887 to visit his sister, who was teaching school in Placerville. As a youth of seventeen, he felt the challenge of the rugged land in the Mother Lode area and decided to stay. He worked and thrived in and out-of-doors. For about three years he did some log driving on the American River and surveyed for the Southern Pacific Railroad, probably the Shingle Springs to Placerville line begun in 1887 and completed in 1888.

By the early 1890s he must have become interested in the art of building. According to his obituary, he studied architecture and received a degree, although it was not specified where.[1] However, in that period one could practice architecture in California without special academic training. Edward S. Spaulding was of the opinion that Wilson was not trained at a regular school of architecture, and became a licensed architect when the licensing law was passed because he was already practicing.[2]

A few years later Wilson's life can be better traced. In the San Francisco directories of 1893 and 1894, he is listed as a draughtsman for the prestigious firm of Pissis and Moore, and one would assume that by that time he had some qualifications.[3] Since 1870, there were classes in architecture conducted under the auspices of the San Francisco Chapter of the American Institute of Architects for articled pupils, draughtsmen and assistants of its members.[4] Wilson may have benefited from this additional instruction in such things as drawing.

Wilson was fortunate to be in the employ of Albert Pissis. The latter had come to San Francisco with the influx of architects during the 1870s and was one of the very few with high credentials, having attended the *Ecole des Beaux Arts.*[5] In 1899, the firm had gained importance with its winning design for the Hibernia Savings and Loan in San Francisco. At the time when Wilson was employed by Pissis and Moore, the firm was engaged in planning and constructing the Emporium Building, a large, important structure in the neo-classical style on Market Street. It still stands, although altered after the disaster of 1906. According to Wilson's obituary, he was a draftsman for this building.[6] This work would have given him wonderful experience.

He also improved his architectural background by traveling abroad. His obituary states that "following his graduation as an architect, he went to Europe where he studied architecture and art work for nearly ten years."[7] Although some of these years must be discounted, he may have spent several years on the continent and in England looking closely at important structures on the grand tour and bringing back drawings. There is some evidence of his

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*Mrs. Cleek has been a resident of Santa Barbara for seventeen years. She has been a docent of the Santa Barbara Historical Society and now is interviewing residents for the Oral History program.

studies. In September, 1895, "California Architecture and Building News" included his drawing of "Chateau de Vitry," a medieval castle along the Seine River near Paris.[8] It is skillfully rendered.

Thus before coming to Santa Barbara in his middle twenties, Wilson had explored several ways of earning a living, and received a background in architecture with professional experience as a draughtsman. Perhaps he had a sketch book of architectural drawings based on interesting buildings in Europe that would be useful in the future.

On December 1, 1895, the *Morning Press* announced in its "City Briefs" that Mr. Francis W. Wilson was a recent arrival in Santa Barbara, staying at a boarding house on Santa Barbara Street.

"He is an architect, and thinks of locating here permanently. He comes well recommended and will be quite an acquisition to lovers of the beautiful at Santa Barbara."[9]

A few months later, Wilson had come in contact with Mr. William Alexander, who intended to tear down some structures on State Street to make room for his new business building. Francis Wilson was to be the architect for the project, to be executed in the Renaissance style. The front of the building was to be of brick, stone and plate glass, "surmounted by a graceful cornice of iron." Originally planned as one story, the builders later decided to add a second story of pressed brick, with large plate glass windows.[10] After the Alexander Block was completed, Wilson kept his office there at 717½ State Street all during the period that he resided in Santa Barbara. He also had his living quarters there the first few years.

A brother, Arthur G. Wilson, accompanied him or came soon afterward, living with him at the same address. In September, 1896, he was employed as a bookkeeper by John Percy Lawton, a real estate and investment broker situated on State Street opposite from the Arlington Hotel. This was a convenient location for attracting wealthy visitors interested in property investments. Arthur Wilson undoubtedly helped his brother by referring him as a competent architect to clients.

One can speculate why Francis Wilson selected Santa Barbara. The middle 1880s on was a period of growth in Santa Barbara, with the prospect of a good future with the projected coming of the Southern Pacific Railroad in 1887. The *Daily Independent* wrote a decade later:

> A visitor to this city, ten years ago, returning now for the first time since then, would find the population . . . increased at least one-half . . . He would find the adobe replaced by modern cottages and homes, and instead of dingy wooden stores, handsome and substantial business blocks.[11]

Such conditions, with the need for more development, would be an ideal challenge for a young, ambitious architect.

In the spring of 1896 he received two commissions for homes in Montecito. The first, designed for Dr. C.C. Park, was to cost about $3,000. He was to have entire charge of the construction. This house, although altered, is still standing off Park Lane. The second house, "near the Eaton place," was for General Henry J. Strong. It was a combination of one and two stories of stucco, with a shingled roof and wide, overhanging eaves.[12]

Within a few years Wilson had built up his practice with many commissions to design houses. Beginning in 1901, he began investing in property. He bought the corner lot on Haley and Santa Barbara Streets, where he put up two "spec" houses, later selling them to the Visiting Nurses Association. In 1902 he bought a lot for himself in the 400 block of East Pedregosa Street, where he built a two-story house with a large stable. He lived there with his brother until 1905, when Arthur moved to Pasadena.

In April, 1905, Francis married Julia Redington, the sister of his friend, Lawrence, a fellow sportsman and polo enthusiast. He had joined the Santa Barbara Country Club in the late 1890s, and was drawn into the young social set including the Redingtons and Joel Remington Fithian. The Redingtons were a prominent family, who lived on Pedregosa Street a few blocks away.

A Sportsman and Polo Player

In the bachelor period of his life, Wilson was an enthusiastic sportsman. According to his daughter, Mrs. Frances Orton, he loved nothing better than going on hunting trips with Robert Cameron Rogers and William Mygatt to the Santa Ynez Mountains. In his early days here, Wilson was also interested in ponies and polo. He was a member of the Santa Barbara Country Club in Montecito, and was a member of their polo team when the Country Club first took "the game up in earnest," and played in their first public match in July, 1899.[13]

He had a favorite pony, "Marylegs," with whom he raced at the Agricultural Park. In 1904, he competed successfully in the Del Monte races, and the Chronicle reported: "Wilson has proved himself one of the reliable jockeys of the meet," and listed him along with his friend, Lawrence Redington, as two of the "best four gentlemen race riders in California."[14] He continued racing up until about the time of his marriage the following year.

Dr. Elmer J. Boeseke, who became an avid polo player in Santa Barbara, tells in his memoirs on polo about his friendship and indebtedness to Wilson. During a bachelor dinner with fellow sportsmen, Wilson decided to make him a valuable present of Marylegs, his favorite pony, if he would "dedicate his life to polo." Dr. Boeseke did not hesitate: "I on the spur of the moment accepted, and the next morning the pony was delivered to me. Thus the beginning of my life in polo."[15] For many years he was captain of his team, composed of other family members.

Some of Francis Wilson's Houses

1. Post Victorian Revivalism & Craftsman Styles:

Francis Wilson's houses were designed in a variety of styles, including Post Victorian Revivalism and Craftsman.

In 1897 he planned a Queen Anne style house for Charles H. Hopkins, a prominent capitalist from San Francisco, who moved here and financed the Hopkins block. Because it was built of stone and Portland cement, the building has much more a feeling of basic forms than Queen Anne houses in wood. The house, on upper Garden Street, originally had a high tower which was removed in 1930 when the building received alterations. This house appeared in *American Architect and Building News* in 1898, quite an honor for a young architect in his late twenties.[16]

Also in 1897 Francis Wilson was responsible for the design of Dr. Charles E. Vaughan's residence on the Corner of Garden and Los Olivos Streets. It is in the Craftsman style and still stands today. It is a two-story shingle house with a gable roof with a wide overhang supported by triangular eave brackets. It features an upper balcony in the front, and an interesting bay window on the side.

In 1905, after Wilson's marriage to Julia Redington, they moved into a new home that he designed at 1616 De la Vina Street. It was to exemplify a California house getting "close to nature," and was constructed in cement. It combined both Craftsman and Mission Revival elements.

> The residence . . . erected on De la Vina Street by Francis W. Wilson for his own use has been taken as a basis of design for a number of local residences, some of them being elaborations of the ideas so nicely expressed in this model for a California home. The house is in the form of the letter H. The front courtyard is shown in the picture; the rear courtyard is enclosed by a brick wall, from which a fountain plays . . . [17]

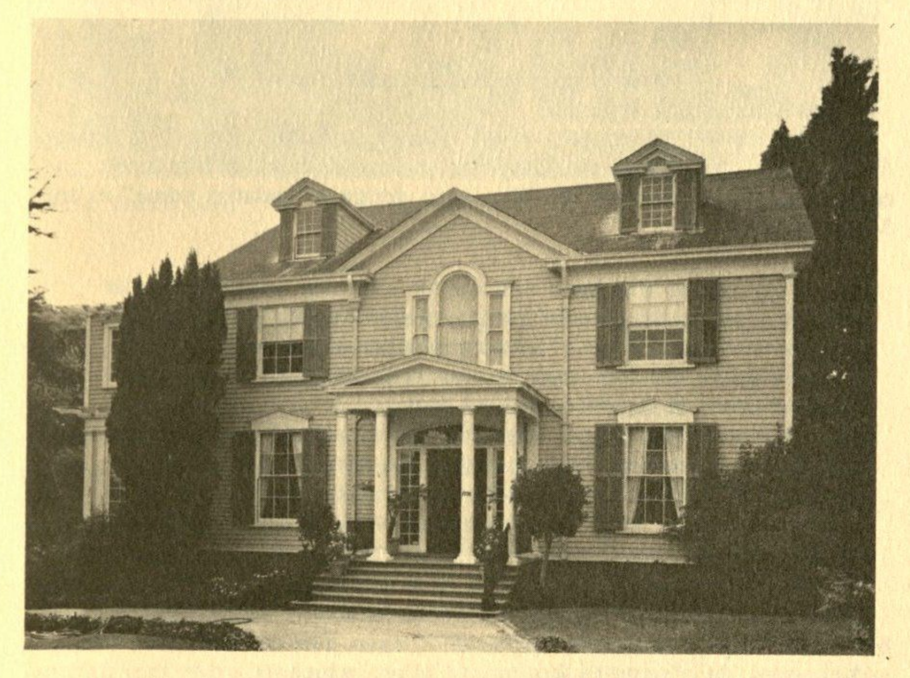
The matching gable roofs at either end have wide overhangs with triangular brackets characteristic of the Craftsman style. The courtyard and terrace with a pillared pergola extends in front, presenting a Mediterranean feeling. The Wilsons lived in this house only a short period of time before returning to East Pedregosa Street.

A more successful rendering of this type of building can be seen in the "Alexander House" on the corner of Santa Barbara and Los Olivos Streets. This was built in 1906 by Wilson for Mr. D.D. Walker of St. Louis.

> . . . The lot will be terraced of stone and the house will set in the center of the grounds. The building is principally one-story, surrounding a court 25 by 50 feet. It will be of cemented veneer brick, with red brick trimmings . . .
>
> The servants' quarters are on the second story and open on a balcony overlooking the courtyard.
>
> All rooms and hallways open onto a courtyard, with French windows. The porches are tiled, with hard red brick a foot square, after the pattern of the old Santa Barbara presidio tiles . . .
>
> The residence, gardens, terraces, walks, etc., are from designs by Francis W. Wilson, who is also the builder.[18]

The "Alexander House" copies the plan of Wilson's De la Vina house, but is much more distinctive. There are quatrefoil windows beneath the end gables. On the right side is a porch with pointed arches. The property has interesting terracing and brick walks in front.

Another home that Wilson built in 1908 on Santa Barbara Street was for Jarrett T. Richards of the old law firm of Richards and Carrier. It is in the American Colonial style. It features a Palladian window, simplified without pilasters, portico and fan-light doorway. It is a simplified elegant frame house in a traditional mode, very suitable for a man who was a former mayor and head of a distinguished law firm.



Jarrett T. Richards' home — Wayne McCall

Another building, this time in Gothic Revival, was the English country chapel designed by Wilson in 1898 for Mrs. J. H. Williams of Naples. Her memorial chapel "promises to be one of the most complete and beautiful buildings of its kind on the coast." Constructed of sandstone, it featured a nave with pitched roofs, buttresses and a square tower with castellated embellishment, six memorial windows and a rose window.[19] Walker Tompkins wrote about its history in *Santa Barbara's Royal Rancho.* The chapel tumbled down in the earthquake of 1925.



P.H. Murphy's home Mrs. Marjorie Murphy Bacon

Mediterranean and Italian Houses

2. Mediterranean Style:

In 1905 P.H. Murphy, Dwight Murphy's father, from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, purchased the Gray Stone Terrace tract in Montecito and engaged architect Francis W. Wilson to design a "palatial home" in the Mediterranean style.

> The house will have a southern exposure overlooking the valley and sea. Its greatest frontage will be about 110 feet, and the greatest depth, 72 feet. The main portion of the building will be two stories, the first story of quarry-faced sandstone, and the upper story of cement with tiled roof . . .
>
> A loggia with 18-inch stone pillars will extend 54 feet along the front . . . At the west end of the loggia is a wing spreading obliquely from the main building . . . On the opposite side of the building there is another wing of the same character . . . There are generous provisions for open porches and balconies . . . [20]

The mansion was torn down in 1929 to make way for a new house designed for Peter Murphy's widow by Reginald Johnson. This structure, now known as Kerrwood Hall, is part of Westmont College, which took over the estate in 1945.

3. Italian Villas:

In 1904 Francis W. Wilson designed an Italian villa for the William Miller Grahams on the bluff at Booth's Point. They had great wealth from mining and oil interests and could afford great luxury. The mansion was considered a "landmark" of Santa Barbara.

> The white plastered exterior walls, red tile roof, graceful terraces and colonnades set in the elaborate landscape design now being carried out, will make this seaside residence one of the most attractive, as it is one of the most conspicuous in the city . . . [21]

In 1923 the estate was sold to Senator W.A. Clark of Montana and the building was razed and another mansion was built by Reginald Johnson. But before this happened, two other Easterners were impressed with the designing abilities of Francis W. Wilson.



Harry K. Elston's home — Mrs. Michael St. Clair

Another villa was planned for Harry K. Elston in Montecito in 1915. Elston and his wife came from Rochester, New York, a year before and had bought two adjacent parcels of land. Wilson was commissioned to design an Italian villa in the late Renaissance style. It features such Palladian characteristics as symmetry, a handsome loggia overlooking the garden and a galleria entrance. It has such details as pilasters decorated in relief, and carved eave brackets and corbels. It still exists on Schoolhouse Road, and has been carefully restored by its present owners.

The refashioning of "Las Tejas" in Montecito remains Wilson's masterpiece. The opportunity came in 1917 when Mr. and Mrs. Oakleigh Thorne of Millbrook, New York, bought a Spanish villa built in 1898 by Alston Hayne II for his fiancee on property belonging to his father, Colonel Alston Hayne. Mrs. Thorne, with the ingenuity of Francis Wilson, remodeled it into an Italian villa. It was to be a copy of the 16th century Renaissance Casino at the Farnese Palace near Viterbo, Italy, and the duplication was successful.[22] The facade overlooking the gardens and cascading pools features a grand loggia. The combination of edifice, terracing, water and planting creates a marvelous effect. This was the gem of Wilson's private houses in Santa Barbara. It also has been restored.

Public and Private Buildings

1. The Santa Barbara Club, 1105 Chapala Street, 1903-:

After the purchase of the property on the corner of Figueroa and Chapala Streets in December, 1902, the building committee recommended advertising in Los Angeles and San Francisco newspapers to get bids for outside architects. However, they were over-ruled by Joel R. Fithian, who recommended that Francis Wilson be given the job of designing. According to Edward S. Spaulding, "at the time that the Club employed him (Wilson), he was at the beginning of his considerable vogue as a designer in the community."[23]

Three months after he received the commission to draw the plans, Francis Wilson submitted his drawings to the directors. These called for a two-story, lath and plastered building in the Classical Revival style. Arched windows are featured on the second floor, with a grouping of three, separated by pilasters and accented with keystones above the arched entrance. Originally, this was completed by a narrow portico with Doric columns supporting an entablature and balustrade. A staircase led to the street. This feature was eliminated when the street was widened.

2. Santa Barbara Railway Station, 1905:

The Southern Pacific gave Wilson the commission to design the Santa Barbara Railway Station. The Mission Revival style was chosen by their architectural bureau as appropriate in California. It was used in several of its stations beginning as early as the 1890s.

The *Morning Press* praised the station:

"The concrete walls and tile roof, with the graceful arches of the portico and porte-cochere will make a very attractive building."[24]

Landscaping around the depot was extensive. Broad sidewalks led to State Street, bordered by two open plots planted with grass, flowers and trees. Lawns were to extend beyond to the Callahan Hotel being built to accommodate the overflow of tourists. A driveway bordered by rough cut rock led in from State Street. Walks also led to the Potter Hotel in matching Mission style. Every effort was made for a harmonious effect.

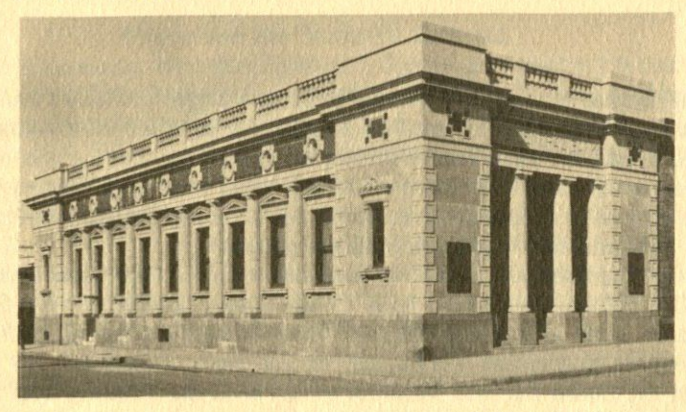
3. The third Santa Barbara Country Club in Montecito, 1912:

In 1907, the second Santa Barbara Country Club house was designed by Arthur B. Benton of Los Angeles, famous for the Mission Inn of Riverside. A few years later this frame structure burned down.

In 1912, Francis Wilson was asked to design plans for a new club which was to be fireproof. He originally chose to use brick covered with cement stucco, although concrete was later considered. Joel R. Fithian, as owner of the club and a director, probably exerted his influence for his friend to receive the commission. The building was described thus:

> Simplicity marks the design . . . A modernized Moorish or a modern Italian type has been adapted to the needs of the institution. The full length of the building will be about 200 feet, with the entrance from an arched portico 70 feet long, the entrance hall . . . opening through to a gallery which form one side of a court. On each of the other two sides of the court is a portico, one opening to the assembly room and the living room, the other portico opening to the dining room.[25]

In 1916, when the club planned to move and build still another building, J.P. Jefferson of Warren, Pennsylvania, bought the property and engaged Reginald Johnson to remodel it. Johnson made changes on the exterior, adding a stone entrance and new fenestration and removing the front portico. He modified the interior and introduced the long axial drive leading to the forecourt.[26] But the plan is basically the same, with Wilson's court and flanking loggias in back.



Central Bank S.B. Historical Society

4. The Central Savings Bank, De la Guerra and State Streets, 1913:

The Central Bank began its operations in 1903 on the corner of State and De la Guerra Streets in a building that they had purchased. They planned to build a new building eventually on the same site. Ten years later Francis Wilson received the commission to design the new bank. Wilson probably received the commission by the influence of his good friend, Joel R. Fithian, a director and vice-president.

This was a handsome building in the Spanish Renaissance style that no longer remains after the earthquake of 1925. It was built of artificial stone. The State Street facade featured a portico with three Doric columns. The side of the building was punctuated with a series of narrow pedimented windows, separated by engaged columns. Above was an ornamenta frieze. A balustrade edged the top of the building.[27]

The Post Office, 1914

5. Santa Barbara Post Office, 1914:

The planning of the Santa Barbara Post Office began several years before it was completed. In 1911, it was announced that Francis Wilson's plans would be adopted by the federal government:

> That Santa Barbara's new federal building will be constructed in accordance with the suggestions and tentative plans advocated by the Chamber of Commerce, is indicated by a brief description of the building sent to the Press from the office of the supervising architect of the treasury department. Except in a few minor details, the description tallies exactly with the plans prepared by Architect Francis W. Wilson of this city, who was commissioned by the Chamber of Commerce to design a building suitable to climatic conditions and in accordance with historical traditions.
>
> Mr. Wilson's plans were for a building of Spanish Renaissance architecture, designed with a special view to the practical needs of the post office and other government departments and still consistent with the type of architecture in keeping with the history and surroundings of Santa Barbara . . . [28]

It was pointed out that there would be some changes such as a smaller size. Also, the loggia shown on the outside of the facade in Wilson's drawing would be moved inside the entrance. A special feature of the interior would be an open court which could be closed at the top when necessary. The exterior of the building was to be faced with stucco and to have marble trim. There would be a tile roof and elaboration around the eaves.

Wilson's contribution may have been somewhat exaggerated. Other post offices in California were also built by the federal government in Spanish Renaissance style in keeping with its Spanish background. However, the Santa Barbara post office was copied for the one in Pasadena.

When the Santa Barbara Museum of Art took the building over in 1940 and engaged David Adler, a Chicago architect, recommended by Mrs. Katherine D. McCormick, the building was greatly simplified and the embellishment eliminated.

6. Santa Barbara Public Library, 1916-1917:

After the library trustees determined the need for a new library, the first idea for the library came from a prominent architect, Henry A. Hornbostel of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He probably was selected by the Carnegie Foundation which provided the original grant money. Francis Wilson took the plans and simplified them to suit local needs. Hornbostel approved of them. The Morning Press gave a description of the building:

> In design this building is a free adaptation of the Spanish Renaissance, with enrichments and ornamentation confined to the openings and main cornice. It depends for its effect on the arrangement of masses and the resulting lights and shades ...
>
> This building seems to determine the key for future additions to the civic center, and so, as its success or failure can be far-reaching, it has been studied in every detail for more than two years.[29]

Even before the building was completed there was a group of citizens eager for an addition of an art gallery. This would be an "extension of the Civic Center idea."[30] The Faulkner Memorial Art Wing was added in 1931. This would be the last important building designed by Francis Wilson before moving away from Santa Barbara in 1920.

It was during the period of designing the post office and the library that Wilson took on civic responsibilities. From 1915 to 1916, he served on the Board of Supervisors, filling the unexpired term of Harold Doulton. Not enjoying politics, he did not renew his candidacy for a new term. Instead, from 1916 to 1917, he was on the Board of Directors of the Chamber of Commerce. He worked for "civic and social improvement."

Wilson and the Santa Fe Railroad

Francis Wilson may have met Edward P. Ripley, president of the Santa Fe Railroad, at the Santa Barbara Country Club, where both were members. It was said that the outstanding golf course here induced this famous railroad executive to move from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara in 1898 for the winters. In 1904, he decided to build a house here on a lot covering a quarter-block on the corner of Pedregosa and Garden Streets. He engaged Francis Wilson as the architect. It was a redwood two-story house not particularly distinctive or pretentious, according to those who still remember it. The property was better known for its beautiful gardens, which continued to be maintained by Ripley's daughter, Mrs. Schuyler Coe, until the late 1950s.

About the same time, Wilson received the commission to design the Southern Pacific Railway Station in Santa Barbara. The building was in the Mission Revival style popular at the time in southern California. This style was used by both the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific in their depots.

Edward P. Ripley must have liked Wilson's design. Fred Harvey, Jr., the son of the originator of the Fred Harvey restaurants and hotels along the Santa Fe line, visited here in March, 1905. Six months later the local newspaper made note: "Francis Wilson, the well-known architect, leaves tonight for the Grand Canyon on business connected with one of the Santa Fe railroad hotels, which Mr. Wilson is remodeling."[31]

A few weeks later, he was hired by the railroad:

> Francis W. Wilson . . . has just been appointed to an important position in the construction department of the Santa Fe railroad and has already taken charge of considerable work which the company contemplates doing in the near future . . .
>
> Mr. Wilson will build three large hotels for the Santa Fe system at various points throughout the west, and has already completed plans for the construction of a large hotel and station at Ash Fork, Arizona. (This was one of the routes to reach the Grand Canyon.)
>
> The Ash Fork Hotel, which is to cost $100,000, will be built of gray brick. According to Mr. Wilson's plans, the structure is a two-story affair with wide overhanging eaves, the entire building being surrounded by arcades.
>
> Mr. Wilson has two other large hotels under way for the Santa Fe Company.[32]

According to Gordon Chappell, Regional Historian for the Western National Park Service, the Ash Fork Hotel was never constructed according to Wilson's plans, but by another architect. However, there were others designed by Wilson.

In 1907, Wilson was busy working on two projects. One of them was El Garces Hotel in Needles, California. This was a two-story building with a motif of continuous paried columns along each level. About the same time, Wilson was working on the Fray Marcos in Williams, Arizona. This was two-storied with a pillared porte-cochere.[33]

Early in 1910, Wilson began working on plans for an immense depot and hotel building to be erected at Barstow, California:

> In the center will be the station proper, a one-story and basement structure; on one side will be the hotel building: a two-story and basement structure, and on the other side will be the recreation hall, a two-story and basement structure . . . In front of the recreation building will be a large pergola and a court, containing a garden, fountain and pool enclosed on three sides by a concrete arcade. The hotel and recreation building will each be encircled by a concrete arch portico on both floors . . .[34]

Both this structure and the Fray Marcos still stand, although abandoned.

Still another structure that Wilson designed was the rustic log railway depot built in 1909-1910 at Grand Canyon, Arizona, by the Grand Canyon Railway, a subsidiary of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad. This was designed to blend with El Tovar Hotel of log construction built in 1903. According to Gordon Chappell, this was the only log depot on the vast Santa Fe system and a rare type in the United States.[35]

All these projects covered several years and involved a great deal of commuting. Although Wilson maintained his office in Santa Barbara, probably late in 1909 he moved to Los Angeles. That city's directory of 1910 gives Wilson's residence as 2065 West 6th Street, and his business address as 560 South Main Street. This latter was the Santa Fe's local headquarters. Wilson was also listed in both the 1910 and 1911 directories in the classified section under "architects." By the latter part of that year he had returned to Santa Barbara with his wife, closing that chapter of his life.

Conclusion

At some point during the latter teens, Francis Wilson considered moving away from Santa Barbara. By then, Santa Barbara had grown, and there were more professional architects in the community. Many wealthy people were buying property in Montecito and importing their architects from Los Angeles and the East, some of the most famous in the country. Approaching fifty, Wilson evidently did not want to face strong competition.

Another reason for leaving the community was the break-up of his marriage. Six months after his marriage in 1905, he had become involved with designing work for the Santa Fe Railroad for a period of about six years, during which time he was away on many trips. From 1909 to 1911 the Wilsons resided in Los Angeles, where he established an office. With close ties to family and friends in Santa Barbara, Julia probably did not look forward to a permanent relocation. Reasons such as these probably led to a divorce at a time when it was not socially acceptable in a small community.

Just when or why he chose Sonora, California, for his new location is uncertain, but his daughter remembers being told by him that he was there at the time of the celebration of the Armistice in 1918. In 1920, he purchased forty-five acres of a ranch in Tuolumne County and about the same time he bought a mining company in the same area. By the time he divorced his wife a year later, he was already situated in the house which he had built on the ranch.

In the decade of the twenties he was more interested in his investments. In the thirties he designed several houses in and near Sonora. During the second World War, when it was difficult for architects to pursue their profession and

when older men left the area to work in factories and shipyards, he became a designer at the Lockheed Aircraft plant in Los Angeles. By then he was in his seventies.

What was Wilson's contribution to Santa Barbara? He planned many buildings of different types, some of which are still standing. In his last two public buildings, when outside architects could have prevailed, Wilson cooperated with the citizens of Santa Barbara and gave them what was appropriate for their city stylistically and climate-wise. He pointed the way for Santa Barbara to have its own unique architecture almost a decade before the earthquake. This disaster caused Santa Barbarans to re-think and re-plan what their city should be like. Wilson had provided some guidelines.

FOOTNOTES

[1]Obituary, *Daily Union Democrat of the Mother Lode Country*, December 1, 1947, p. 1.
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[3]1893 & 1894 San Francisco Directories.
[4]*California Architect & Building News*, November, 1897, p. 122.
[5]R. Langstreth, *Architects in San Francisco at the Turn of the Century*, 1983, p. 80.
[6]Obituary, op. cit.
[7]*Ibid.*
[8]*California Architect & Building News*, vol. XVI, Sept. 1895, p. 104.
[9]*Daily Independent*, March 3, 1896, p. 4.
[10]*Ibid.*, April 21, 1896, p. 4.
[11]*Ibid.*, April 22, 1897, p. 4.
[12]*Ibid.*, April 21, 1896, p. 4.
[13]*Morning Press*, July 4, 1899, p. 3.
[14]*Ibid.*, February 22, 1904, p.3.
[15]Dr. Elmer J. Boeseke's memoirs, courtesy of Cedric Boeseke.
[16]*American Architect & Building News*, August 15, 1898, p. 55, plate #1181.
[17]*Morning Press*, May 27, 1906, p. 4.
[18]*Ibid.*
[19]*Ibid.*, March 15, 1898, p. 3.
[20]*Ibid.*, July 27, 1905, p. 7
[21]Stella Haverland Rouse, "Olden Days," *Santa Barbara News Press*, January 8, 1984, B-6.
[22]Anne Gilbar, "*Las Tejas*," *Santa Barbara Magazine*, February-March, 1981, pp. 43-50. According to Dr. David Gebhard, professor of architectural history at U.C.S.B.
[23]Edward S. Spaulding, *op. cit.*, p. 44.
[24]*Morning Press*, July 12, 1905, p. 8.
[25]*Ibid.*, August 30, 1912, p. 8. (Some dimensions eliminated.)
[26]"Residence of J.P. Jefferson," *Architectural Record*, January 1922, p. 8.
[27]*Morning Press*, March 6, 1913, p. 10.
[28]*Ibid.*, April 2, 1911, p. 8.
[29]*Ibid.*, August 31, 1916, p. 3.
[30]*Ibid.*, January 19, 1917, p. 3.
[31]*Ibid.*, September 2, 1905, p. 2.
[32]*Ibid.*, September 23, 1905, p. 2.
[33]Gordon Chappell, "Railway at Grand Canyon: a History of the Grand Canyon Depot and Yard Tracts," San Francisco, 1984, no pag. no.
[34]*Builder and Contractor*, February 17, 1910, p. 1.
[35]Gordon Chappell, *Ibid.*

CREDITS

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THE GEORGE S. J. OLIVERS*

By Hannah C. Moor

Our great pleasure that first summer, and for all the years after, was the warm friendship of Mr. and Mrs. George S. J. Oliver. It began in the first month of our life here, and never a week passed without a meeting. Their calls were often separate, as they seldom drove together. Mr. Oliver drove in a buckboard with a sorrel horse with a light mane, which matched the yellow vehicle, the sun helmet and pongee duster.

Dear Mrs. Oliver was a picture in her own covered buggy, sitting up very straight, flourishing her reins often with much energy, for her big, fat horse needed constant prompting to make the three miles from the canyon to the beach, and seldom was expected to do more in a day.

One should recall the names of their horses and dogs and cats, for they were all members of the family and figured in many anecdotes, as well as the Portugese servants whom they got out from Fayal, where Mrs. Oliver's family, the Dabneys, had lived for several generations. Bernarda Silva, who lived with us later, was one of the maids for many years, a handsome woman, still living, with gentle manners, but who never mastered the English language in spite of her forty-odd years' residence in America. Mrs. Oliver always spoke Portugese with the servants, and that was only one of the foreign notes of Rocky Nook, unlike any other place in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Oliver could not bear to change or part with anything. Every post, corral, fence, shed, chicken coop and gate, which was on the place when they bought it, whether in use or not, was left untouched and vines and shrubs grew about them. Indoors things accumulated: books to the ceiling, magazines, pamphlets, programs, letters, papers, cuttings, mementos — "Fanny will destroy nothing," Mr. Oliver used to say. And in later years how many amusing and interesting things were unearthed from these accumulations.

The garden was a natural wild tangle, lovely in spring bloom, with little paths winding here and there among the rocks under the trees. Only a small circle of the choicer plants was kept watered during the dry season, for Mrs. Oliver had a horror for anything formal or artificial, though in later years her love for her younger friends made her tolerate the formal gardens that are now in fashion, which at first she saw with many doubts, declaring the whole climate would be changed by the abundant watering needed to keep them up, as well as the green lawns to which she was never reconciled.

The tiny parlors, which they talked for many years of enlarging, but which never could be done without disturbing something dear and important, were full of charm and individuality. Where there were not books, the walls were covered with pictures, rare bits of old china, peacock feathers, brackets and overmantels. Many of the oils, pastels and watercolors were gifts from the artists, and when the walls were filled they were stood on the piano and against the books. There were some beautifully carved Portugese tables and finely made cane-seated chairs that gave an air to the room, along with commonplace furniture. It was a pleasure to sit there alone awaiting your hostess and study piece after piece of this interesting collection. Every table was piled with things.

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*The Santa Barbara Historical Society is indebted to Mrs. Robert D. Smith, Bangor, Maine, for sending the reminiscences of Hannah C. Moor, covering about 50 years of residence here, from 1885. Her sketch of the Olivers is an excerpt from her recollections published in the Spring, 1985, *Noticias*.

Their Sundays at home became famous. Friends brought their guests, and distinguished visitors brought cards of introduction. The little rooms would be filled, and early comers would feel obliged to make room for later arrivals. Delicious tea with thick cream was served, and the thin wafer cookies which were specialties of the house. If not too many were present, Mrs. Oliver loved to read aloud interesting letters from her family in the East, or friends abroad, and her deliberate reading with dramatic pauses when she would look over her glasses round the circle, or inundate them with a cascade of joyous laughter over some amusing anecdote, is never to be forgotten.

Her upbringing among a Latin race gave her a freedom of gesture, intensity of expression, and varied intonation rare among Americans. Her stories became little comedies. Beasts and birds and flowers figured in them like persons. Her climbing roses were endowed with wills. She had wonderful vitality, a strong back, straight square figure, rosy cheeks and laughing hazel eyes, far apart under a fine brow. Indoors she wore a bit of Fayal lace on her head, soft fichus about her neck pinned with varied, rare and unusual ornaments. Her dresses were always simple in her own style, as well as her low-heeled shoes. She had a number of beautiful shawls.

During the summer tea was served under the oaks. Rugs were laid down, chairs brought out, and Mr. Oliver, who could not sit out of doors unprotected, was ensconced in a sort of throne made of screens with its back to whatever air might be stirring. He made a fine picture, tall and slight with a full gray beard. He dressed elegantly. His things never wore out, and he had in his wardrobe many suits of delicate grays and fawn color. He was an aristocrat to his fingertips, with graceful manners, a solicitous and kind friend, thoughtful adviser, and generous helper.

Afternoon tea was their one way of entertaining, as on account of his health, and their peculiar household arrangements, they could not have guests to meals. For that reason Mrs. Oliver for many years would accept few invitations to lunch or dinner, though in later years after Mr. Oliver's death she did not hold so strictly to this rule.

Mr. Oliver's daily program was a drive downtown in his buckboard, a distinguished figure in his sun helmet and long pongee duster. After his errands and a visit to the bank to get a little bag of change, for in those days Californians used nothing but gold and silver, he would drive on to the beach. The bag of money he would not handle until he had washed it in an antiseptic solution, and put it into the purse he used. He had a phobia for germs.

He had an artist's eye, and loved to watch the bathers, admiring a fine figure. He would have enjoyed the modern bathing suit. He made amusing little drawings in his letters to several devoted friends in the East and in Europe with whom he kept up a close correspondence over many years, and their long, graphic letters to him were among those to be shared aloud with his friends. In the afternoon after his siesta, he would stroll gently about the neighborhood, a plaid hanging gracefully from one shoulder, his soft hat a trifle to one side, a delicious cigar between his fingers, a Scotch terrier at his heels, when he would pay visits on some of the neighbors he enjoyed. That was his routine for years and years. He had come to California for his health; he thought the Mission Canyon climate superior to all others on the coast, and he never wished to leave it, or to alter his regimen in any particular.

He was sensitive as a barometer to the weather, and used to tell us when it was raining in Arizona. He felt certain unmistakable symptoms then. He delighted in little practical arrangements, and showed with glee his chute for

socks. They were put in rolled up, at the top, and taken out of a little slide at the bottom, so they might be worn in rotation.

His sister, who married one of the Dabneys, was even more solicitous about health. She could not sleep unless the head of the bed was toward the north, and great was the commotion when she paid visits in English country houses to have the immense four-posters that had been rooted to their places for generations, switched round into the magnetic currents that swept the points of the compass.

Mrs. Oliver had a fine mind and determined will. She was an excellent botanist, never hesitating for the botanical name of a plant, and was much tried by wrong popular attributions. She took a keen interest in public affairs, and read a New York paper up to the last. She had the special standards of her generation. and would not tolerate underbreeding, bad manners or the vulgar rich. She respected persons of all classes, but had no mercy on pretense.

She had unusual courage and self-control that everyone did not appreciate, who saw her excited and vivid expression, but when it came to serious endurance, she was to be relied upon. When as an old woman she fell at the Country Club and broke her arm, she was more concerned for putting her friend out who took her to the hospital, than for her own suffering. *Noblesse oblige* was ingrained in her character. Only to intimate friends would she tell of her father and brothers risking their lives to save persons from a shipwreck on the Islands, when no native would help them. She was strong and well, with only a month's illness before she died the twenty-first of July, 1926, aged ninety-two, the youngest of three sisters and several brothers.

Miss Clara Dabney, fourteen years older than Fanny, Mrs. Oliver, lived at Rocky Nook for several years before her death. She was an exquisite, slender little woman with marked features, dressed in almost Quaker simplicity, with a sheer cap tied under her chin, and narrow, tiny shoes like a child's. She tripped through the canyon paths with a little basket in her hands, in which she carried some tiny crumbs of refreshment, for she ate hardly more than a bird and needed something between meals.

She never went into general society, but was devoted to a few specially chosen intimate friends. Her tastes and standards were such that not many persons could come into her circle. She lived in the past, in her life on the Islands, and in her passionate devotion to her father. For many years she scribed the consular reports for her father. She felt shut in under the trees of the canyon, and longed for the rooftop of her old home with all the stars overhead and wide views off to the sea, and for a draught of the brackish water of the Fayal wells.

Miss Roxana Dabney came later, and established her home in Santa Barbara. She also was an unusual woman, beautiful, intellectual and charming, with brilliant social gifts, and was much loved and admired. She played the piano delightfully, and loved to play for dancing, of which the family had always been fond. Mrs. Oliver would sometimes waltz a few turns with a young friend when her sister was playing. It was a pretty sight to see the two sisters side by side at the old-fashioned upright piano with its brass sconces, with a score of Haydn before them, Mrs. Oliver, firm, straight and strong, marking a decided bass, while Miss Roxy, willowy and graceful, swayed a little over the treble.

Rocky Nook with its wild garden and simple little board-and-batten cottage, patched and added to, was the center of what was the finest and best in Santa Barbara of the early days.

MISSION CANYON

By Stella Haverland Rouse

The receipt of the reminiscences of Hannah C. Moor regarding the Oliver family led to contemplation of the status of Mission Canyon in the late 1880s. When the George S. J. Olivers bought their home in Mission Canyon, which is now Rocky Nook Park, it was a sparsely settled area. At one time all the land there had been owned by Bishop Amat of the Catholic Church, who received a patent for it from the United States Government in 1865. However, parcels were sold off from time to time.

The dirt road past the Mission led far up the canyon to "Rattlesnake Canyon," where A. H. and R. B. Canfield had been deeded the land controlling the water supply by Bishop Amat in 1873. In 1876, about a decade before the Olivers came to Mission Canyon, townspeople had flocked to the site (a portion of what is now Scofield Park) for the Fourth of July Centennial observance. There were about ten acres of land, "shaded by magnificent oaks and bountifully supplied with natural seats of stone scattered about."

After a Fourth of July parade downtown, a procession of vehicles and riders filed past the Mission to the grounds, where patriotic and literary exercises of the day were held. "Band music and the firing of cannon occurred between each of the exercises." In preparing for the celebration, a floor large enough to accommodate six sets of quadrilles and a stand for the musicians was built at "Oakdale," as the place was named. A few seats were built.

A year later, Henry Chapman Ford established an "artist's camp" in a secluded triangle of land in Mission Canyon. Descriptions of neighboring farm lands indicate that the location may have been below Las Canoas Road, along the forks of Mission Creek, and well shaded by oak trees. (Jim Blakley estimated this information, through statements presented in campers' letters to the Morning Press.) From that point some of the more hardy souls hiked up to the Seven Falls, and caused consternation when they did not return on time to camp. They were exhausted when they appeared tardily.

But "the plaintive notes of the mountain dove," the "festive coon making nightly forages upon corn patches and vineyards," and tempting quail enchanted them. Fine olive trees grew on Reyes' place in "little Mission Canyon." Nearby a "Mr. Solomon" lived on land where once there was a Mission vineyard, "since destroyed by fire." There were some olive trees and a few deciduous fruit trees in some places nearby. A reporter said that the artist would not move his camp farther up the canyon: "He is too well treated by the neighbors, both Californian and American . . . to justify such a step."

As time went on, a few people built homes along what is now Mission Canyon Road in the level part of the canyon. By 1885 a school had been constructed on the site of the present County Fire Station for the children of upper Mission Canyon farmers. In 1886 Rowland Hazard came from Rhode Island and bought land just north of the Mission, where he built his home, "Mission Hill." In 1892 Enoch J. Marsh purchased for $229 from the Bishop of the Catholic Church, one and one-half acres of land where Rockwood, the Woman's Club House now stands, and built a dwelling there.

At the corner of what is now Foothill and Mission Canyon Roads Christopher Tornoe, a nearby resident and fine metal craftsman, constructed Glendessary for Robert Cameron Rogers, who moved in in 1900.



Former arch in Mission wall at Mission Creek, etched by Henry Chapman Ford.

Walter A. Hawley, "Early Days of Santa Barbara"

Edward Selden Spaulding reminisced in the News-Press October 17, 1966, that there were few residents in the "lower" part of the canyon even up to the days shortly before World War I, when he built his home near the Oliver place.

The widow, Frances Dabney Oliver, still lived in her one-story home, north of the bridge crossing Mission Creek. Spaulding says that Mr. Oliver had that bridge built after the old one burned. He may have been the coordinator of that project, for an item in the Daily Press in October, 1891, states that "Professor E.J. Marsh and others contributed money for the new stone bridge just then completed." The Olivers came too late to see the arch etched by Henry Chapman Ford, over which a flume carried water to Mission lands. An angry farmer knocked it down when it obstructed his heavy load of hay in the 1870s, according to stories.

At a slightly later time across the road from Rocky Nook was the residence of the Herman Eddy family, and next to that estate artist Fernand Lungren's adobe was completed in 1907.

After World War I it gradually developed into a rather exclusive neighborhood for artists and professional people, secluded, but close to town.

It was a quiet area, with horseback riders or carriages taking tourists on excursions to the "upper heights:" the Seven Falls or La Cumbre Peak, wild blackberry pickers hunting berries in the spring and ranchers passing on their way to town in the early days.

Rocky Nook Park

Mrs. Oliver named the homeplace on the bank of Mission Creek which later became a county park, "Rocky Nook." She filled it with beautiful rare plants, so that the grounds were a "horticultural gem." However, most of the specimens died of neglect before it was deeded to the county in 1928. A group of Mrs. Oliver's friends had collected $27,000 to buy the nine-acre parcel for public enjoyment.

When Mr. Oliver died December 27, 1904, the Morning Press stated that Santa Barbara had lost one of her oldest and most highly respected citizens. According to that account, he had come here with the late Malcomb (sic) Forbes, the New York railroad magnate, to whom he was related by marriage, and had resided here continuously since that time.

A deed from E.B. Hall to Oliver for 25 acres of Montecito land (with a residence) for $12,500 was recorded in December, 1881. He is also believed to have been one of the stockholders in the Montecito Land Company.

Since he was in ill health, Oliver bought a secluded home in the midst of the live oaks of Mission Canyon for his home (probably in the mid-1880s) and there led a quiet life, "surrounded by every comfort." His sunny disposition, his obituary stated, in spite of his suffering, and a gentle manner endeared him to his acquaintances here.

His widow lived to the age of 92. She was born in Fayal, Azores Island in 1833, where her father, Charles William Dabney, was United States Counsel. At the time of their marriage, Mr. Oliver was vice-counsel at Fayal. They came to Santa Barbara after he retired from the diplomatic service. Although the Olivers owned a plot at the Santa Barbara Cemetery, where they benevolently allowed Dr. Harriett Belcher to be buried in 1886, neither was interred there. Mr. Oliver was cremated in Los Angeles.

In the fall of 1910 Mrs. Oliver had a drinking fountain constructed at the southern approach to the bridge over Mission Creek, near Mountain Drive, as a memorial to her husband.

"The fountain will be made with the large boulders taken from the property just across the creek. In every detail it will be sanitary. The drinking device for men will be the latest improved in the sanitary line, and the one for horses, and another for smaller animals and lower on the ground, will in a sense be sanitary, as there will be water flowing through them continually."

"The horse trough is being made from one large boulder. The work is being done under the supervision of George Robson. The large rock is being hollowed out. On one side of it is a thick mat of moss, and Mrs. Oliver wants this free from the touch of man or hammer. On a large rock at the top of the boulder will be placed a bronze tablet on which will be an inscription in memory of the late Mr. Oliver."

The plaque above the now-dry fountain, reads: "In memory of George Stuart Johann Oliver, who loved this canyon, 1910."

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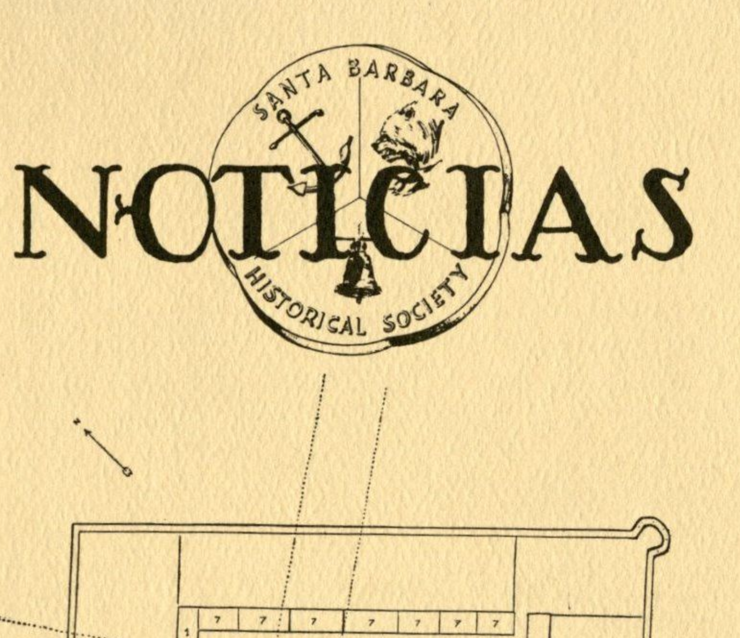
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PLAT OF THE PRESIDIO

1. Comandante
2. Alferez
3. Sergeant's House
4. Quartermaster
5. Store House
6. Guard House
7. Soldiers' Quarters

W.A. Hawley, Early Days of Santa Barbara

Vol. XXXI, No. 2 **Summer, 1985**

Mission St.
Pedregoso St.
Islay St.
Valerio St.
Arrellaga St.
Micheltorena St.
Sola St.
Victoria St.
Anapamu St.
Figueroa St.
Carrillo St.
Cañon Perdido St.
De la Guerra St.
Ortega St.
Cota St.
Haley St.
Gutierrez St.
Montecito St.
Yanonali St.
Mason St.
Quinientos St.
Carpinteria St.
Cacique St.
Indio Muerto St.
Punta Gorda St.
Pilar St.
Sn. B. Ventura St.

Robbins St.
Gillispie St.
Chino St.
San Andres St.
San Pascual St.
Rancheria St.
Castillo St.
Bath St.
Vineyard St.
Chapala St.
Wharf
STATE St.
Anacapa St.
Santa Barbara St.
Garden St.
Laguna St.
Canal St.
Salsipuedes St.
Quarantina St.
Nopal St.
Alisos St.
Voluntario St.
Soledad St.
Canada St.
Salinas St.

PACIFIC OCEAN

PLAT OF THE TOWN OF SANTA BARBARA.

Plat of the town of Santa Barbara

S.B. Press Sept. 27, 1873

THE SANTA BARBARA COUNTY PLANNING COMMISSION

By Eric P. Hvolbøll*

I. Introduction

Many of the Santa Barbara County Planning Commission's accomplishments have helped create a high quality of life for today's residents of Santa Barbara County.

Although the County's first community "planning" occurred in 1851 when Salisbury Haley laid out Santa Barbara's street system, no real efforts at community planning were undertaken until the late 1920s after the devastating 1925 earthquake. As the history of land use and development controls unfolds in the following pages, it is useful to remember the context of the times in which each was enacted.

Today, it is difficult to imagine that the first County zoning ordinance in California, covering the Montecito area, was enacted only at the incessant **demand** of Montecito property owners. One must stretch his imagination to comprehend a county government which only enacted zoning or other land use controls at the specific request of the affected property owners. Such actions today are usually controversial, with the regulators and land owners often at odds.

Absence of Ordinances and Codes

It is also difficult to imagine a time, yet within the memory of some, when there were absolutely no regulations on land use within the County: no zoning ordinance, no building codes, no lot split regulations, no subdivision exactions, no conditional use permits, no hearings, no environmental review, no Planning Commission.

In reading over the Planning Commission's many records, one gets the sense that for at least the first half of its existence, Commission activities met with the general approval of the community and of property owners. Today, faced with an almost unlimited supply of people clamoring to live in the county, planners are put in a delicate and political position in making almost any land use decision.

Santa Barbara County planning would not have been so successful or accomplished so much without the farsighted vision of its first director, L. Deming Tilton. Tilton, whose salary was paid in part by voluntary contributions from Montecito property owners, wrote the County's first zoning ordinances and subdivision regulations. Prior to working in Santa Barbara County, he had labored long to obtain legislative action authorizing planning and zoning in California counties and clarifying the concept of master plans.

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His manuscript, "Fifty Years of County Planning; a brief Account of the first Half-Century's activities of the Santa Barbara Planning Commission, 1928-1978," has been donated to the Santa Barbara Historical Society. From that account the Planning Commission's early history has been abstracted for the Summer *Noticias*. The Commission's post-war activities will be published in a later issue of *Noticias*. The complete manuscript can be read in the Gledhill Library.

He is credited with being the "father" of modern limited access freeway, and the existing freeway entrance to Santa Barbara through Montecito is a credit to his farsighted efforts. Back in 1928, he suggested that subdividers of ocean-front lots be required to provide public access ways to the beach, a policy enacted statewide in 1972, over forty years later. He fought long and hard, as did his followers (often unsuccessfully), against strip commercial development along roads and highways. He was responsible for choosing the present site of the Santa Barbara Municipal Airport. And, he opposed oil drilling over fifty years ago.

The Commission's Activities

In other areas, the Planning Commission and staff were responsible for the planning phases of most of the "make-work" projects during the Depression as well as the post-war building efforts after World War II. The Commission and its staff were responsible for planning acquisition of most of the public beaches in the County as well as many of its public improvements, such as other parks, the County Bowl, Veterans' buildings and hospitals.

Unlike today, in the late 1950s and early 1960s the Planning staff, Planning Commission and Board of Supervisors were very much a pro-development body. Reflecting community opinion and those of most property owners as expressed at public hearings, they did not oppose growth, only uncontrolled, poorly planned or uneconomic growth. Only twenty years ago, the staff projected an ultimate population of 1,000,000 on the coast between Carpinteria and Gaviota. The County's first general plan, prepared in 1965, was very much a growth-oriented plan with an emphasis on economic analysis.

Santa Barbara's beginning and the story of the Santa Barbara County Planning Commission, its varied and profound accomplishments and metamorphosis are interesting. The development of the legal tools which the Planning Commission has used to control land use, and the winds which have changed the direction of its efforts since its beginning make a fascinating study.

II. Early Planning in Santa Barbara

A. Santa Barbara: Early Days. The community of Santa Barbara was first settled in 1782 when soldiers and priests established a presidio (fort) to guard Spain's frontier. At that time, it was estimated that the native Chumash population of the South Coast area, including the Channel Islands, was 20,000. Four years later, Franciscan priests founded Mission Santa Barbara. The area remained sparsely populated under Spanish rule until 1822 when Mexico declared its independence. For the next twenty-five years, the community of Santa Barbara was a Mexican pueblo. Following secularization of the missions in 1833, lands were given away to the citizens for ranchos. In her Mexican days, Santa Barbara was governed by an ayuntamiento, or "city" council.

It is only in the last twenty-five years that the two economic mainstays of the county—agriculture and tourism—have been supplemented by income

generated by a Federal missile base near Lompoc and a large branch of the University of California at Pelican Point in Goleta.

Soon after its incorporation in 1850, the City of Santa Barbara hired Salisbury Haley to map out a street pattern. Prior to 1851 there was no formal street system in the City and adobe homes were constructed wherever the owners wished. The new street pattern was that of a gridiron, first devised by William Penn many years before in Pennsylvania. Streets in Santa Barbara surrounded the central Plaza de la Guerra, unsurprisingly reminiscent of many other Spanish/Mexican pueblos. The streets were established at quarter points of the compass, a system which has subsequently confused residents and visitors alike, but which agreed with some very logical principles of city planning promulgated by a King of Spain.

As can be readily imagined, while land and resources remained plentiful and the population small, any suggestion regarding land-use planning or control was unheard of. With the exception of establishing the City streets and other roadways and some community efforts at obtaining a greater water supply, what we take for granted today as "planning" did not exist. It was not until well into the 20th century that the preliminary moves toward planning occurred.

The City Beautiful movement was felt in Santa Barbara when Charles Mulford Robinson headed a committee of eleven which studied the City street system. In 1923 the City hired Charles H. Cheney and the Olmstead Brothers as planning consultants to prepare a street plan, a boulevard and park system plan and the City's first zoning ordinance. They also recommended establishment of a City Planning Commission.

The City's First Zoning Ordinance

In 1924 the Santa Barbara City Council adopted Ordinance 1203, commonly known as the Building Zone Ordinance. This first zoning ordinance regulated the use of property, height and bulk of buildings, and required open space for light and ventilation of buildings. The ordinance divided the City into nine districts: Single-family dwellings, other dwellings, retail businesses, public use, general business, amusements, hospitals and institutions, ordinary factories and warehouses, and heavy factories. No dwellings were permitted in the industrial areas. In addition, several specific uses of land were strictly prohibited anywhere in the City. These included: manufacture of gunpowder and explosives, copper smelting, slaughter houses, stockyards and fish canneries.

The ordinance prescribed a sixty-foot height limitation and also regulated the depths of yard and side-yards. Violators were subject to a $500 fine and six months in jail for each day the ordinance was infracted.

The land uses delineated on the 1924 zoning maps are much the same as today's: industrial uses congregated on the lower east side, the business district centered at State and Carrillo Streets, and the vast majority of the City zoned for single dwellings.

B. <u>The Montecito Protective Convenant.</u> In 1927 citizens of Montecito,

an unincorporated suburb abutting the east boundary of the City of Santa Barbara, gathered together with consultant Charles H. Cheney as the Montecito Community Association to form the Montecito Protective Covenant. In the Association's Articles of Incorporation and By-Laws, author Cheney outlined the purposes and use restrictions of this property-owner-initiated planning effort.

He noted that Montecito was a fine residential district where many wealthy people lived. In 1927 over fifty percent of Montecito's building sites remained vacant and without any type of restriction on the type of permitted buildings. Residents felt that the "attractiveness and desirability of our homes depends as much on the improvement our neighbors make as upon our own."

The citizens were guided by similar covenants in Roland Park, Baltimore. Their goals were that every owner of property be required to build an attractive building conforming to strict architectural controls. This, in turn, would protect owners' property investments, preserve scenic views and increase the natural beauty of the area by encouraging more plantings.

The Covenant was drawn up because of the activity of some unscrupulous individuals who were blackmailing some wealthy residents of the area. These people would, for example, buy an empty lot next to an attractive estate and then announce plans to construct a hog farm or some other equally objectionable business. Then they would graciously offer to sell their property to the neighboring estate owner at several times the original purchase price. The estate owner, to protect his own property value and neighborhood attractiveness, would be forced to buy the blackmailer out, thus giving the unscrupulous a handy profit.

The Covenant proposed many restrictions on property owners in Montecito, some of which would nowpresumably be declared unlawful. These included: requirements for open space, setbacks, a limit of one single dwelling per lot, a minimum cost for houses, and permits required for tree removal. Billboards, industry and asylums were prohibited. All building plans were to be approved by the Association. Strict racial limitations would limit property owners to whites, the Covenant stating,

> There are the usual restrictions prohibiting negroes, Asiatics and people of other than white or Caucasian race, except in the capacity of domestic servants.

Written approval of the Association was required for non-whites to stay in a hotel, boarding house, hospital, etc.

The Montecito Community Association was to be incorporated as a non-stock, nonprofit body. A Board of five men was to be elected by the members, who were limited to property owners in the Montecito Water District and surrounding area. The Association was to be financed by an annual tax not to exceed the percent of the assessed value of property. It divided Montecito into districts, including a small area of retail business property.

The Covenant, dated March 15, 1927, applied only to those who agreed

to its restrictions. As can be conjectured, it was not wholly effective unless it had the support (and signature) of 100 percent of the property owners.

It was the failure of the Montecito Protective Covenant that prompted prominent property owners to petition the County Supervisors to legislate for county planning in Santa Barbara County under newly adopted State legislation permitting counties to plan and zone. It was only in this way, they felt, that they could secure proper protection from undesirable land uses within Montecito. Their encouragement, participation and financial support enabled Santa Barbara County to become the first non-charter county in California to establish a County Planning Commission.

III. County Planning Commission Created

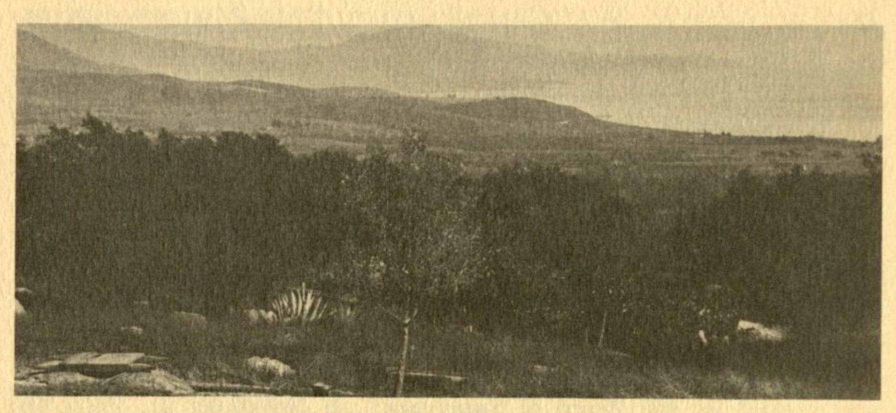
A. Establishment. The Santa Barbara County Planning Commission was created by the Board of Supervisors on November 21, 1927, by Ordinance No. 424. Establishment of the Commission was pursuant to the authority of Chapter 874, Statutes of 1927 of the State of California, known as the California Planning Act of 1927. Thus, Santa Barbara County created the first County Planning Commission under this State law.

The Supervisors unanimously adopted the Ordinance in response to a petition signed by a number of Montecito property owners requesting creation of a County Planning Commission. The petition was presented by John A. Jameson who led the citizens of the unincorporated suburb in their efforts to secure protection of their property interests through governmental controls. The property owners had reacted quickly to the new State law which enabled counties to establish legally constituted groups for planning.

Six citizen members were appointed to the new County Planning Commission from the County at large by the Chairman of the Board of Supervisors. Sitting as charter members were: Frank J. McCoy of Santa Maria; Edgar W. Stow of Goleta; John D. Wright and John A. Jameson of Montecito, and Dr. Rexwald Brown and Dwight Murphy of Santa Barbara. Lompoc, the Santa Ynez Valley and Carpinteria were not represented on the original Commission. Three County officials were ex-officio members as required by State law: Owen H. O'Neill, County Surveyor; Clarence Ward, District Attorney, and C.L. Preisker, Chairman of the Board of Supervisors. All members served without pay.

On January 12, 1928, the first meeting of the Commission was held in the District Attorney's office, and the Commissioners elected Dr. Rexwald Brown as Chairman. At the very first meeting Commissioners deemed a county "master plan" essential. It would include plans for State highways and for tideland drilling permits. On January 16 the entire Commission appeared before the Board of Supervisors and received a grant of $5,000 from the General Fund to finance the first six months of operation: January 1 to June 30, 1928.

During the first months, Commissioners agreed that they needed a qualified professional to direct the work of the Commission. The position was first offered to C.J.S. Williamson, City Planning Engineer in Los



Montecito Valley and Rincon Hill from Whitehead's (Knapp's) 1902 S.B. Historical Society

Angeles. Williamson declined the offer, but recommended L. Deming Tilton, a professional landscape architect and member of the firm of Harland Bartholomew Associates of Los Angeles and St. Louis. On May 3 the Commission voted unanimously to hire Tilton as Director of Planning for a three-year period beginning July 1, 1928. His annual salary was set at $7,200. Initially, citizens of Montecito annually contributed $3,600 toward the Director's salary. These contributions were made to assure that the County would be able to secure a highly competent planner. His salary was considerably larger than salaries paid most other County employees at the time.

The Commission felt that it was advantageous to secure a full-time director who would also live in the County. In this way, he would be available at all times, thus relieving the Commissioners of the daily tasks and much of the technical work in planning. Their alternative was to hire a consultant, probably from the Los Angeles area, who would only be in town on specific jobs.

On July 1, 1928, the Planning office opened under Tilton's directorship and Commission work commenced in earnest. Included in the initial 1928-29 budget of $15,775 were salaries for two additional employees: a draftsman and a stenographer.

B. Montecito Zoning Ordinance. The first year's efforts of the Commission were aimed at developing a zoning ordinance for the Montecito area, which, along with the rest of the unincorporated area, remained without any governmental land use control. On June 7, 1928, the Commission voted unanimously to direct efforts toward protecting "property values and attractiveness of the Montecito district." The Director drew up the Montecito zoning plan under general direction from Commission members. On October 4, 1928, Dwight Murphy reminded Director Tilton that the water supply was limited in Montecito and that Montecito's eventual population would be governed entirely by the amount of available water. Murphy suggested that minimum lot sizes be established, determined by the number of people the water supply was able

to accommodate. The lack of a public sewerage system and the need for large lots to dispose of septic tank effluent was also taken into consideration.

Several public hearings were held in Montecito to elicit property owners' feelings about the proposed ordinance. On November 1 the Commission accepted the Montecito zoning plan and the residents affected seemed almost unanimous in support of the zoning. The Montecito Zoning Ordinance was enacted by the Board of Supervisors on January 25, 1929, with the distinction of being the first county zoning ordinance to be established under the new State law.

The Montecito Ordinance reflected the concerns of the citizens of Montecito who had originally drafted the Montecito Protective Covenant, and later moved for the official county commission. No precedent existed for a comprehensive zoning plan for only a portion of the county. The ordinance was a modification of the unsuccessful two-year-old Montecito Protective Covenant.

The Commission, in its recommendation to the Board of Supervisors, noted that the zoned area was entirely within the boundaries of the Montecito Water District. They reminded the Supervisors that the citizens of Montecito had requested the ordinance and that little opposition was found in the district. In addition, the ordinance was an effort to stabilize property values and investments in an area from which the County received a very sizable percentage of its tax revenue. The zoning plan was expressly designed to prevent overcrowding, increased and hazardous traffic, air quality deterioration, water and sewage problems and destruction of Montecito's impressive stand of native vegetation. Lastly, the ordinance was an attempt to "stop the blackmail and threats . . . advanced for the sole purpose of extracting money from the well-to-do."

The ordinance required that business enterprises be restricted to three areas: along East Valley Road at Montecito Village, along the State Highway from the Santa Barbara City Limits to Olive Mill Road, and at the intersection of Toro Canyon Road and the Highway. The remainder of the district was assigned to exclusive residential use. These residential areas were categorized in three districts based on lot sizes. The smallest lots had a minimum 6,000-square-foot area and were located close to the railroad, highway and commercial districts and along the ocean. The moderate-sized lots of a minimum of 20,000 square feet for single-family residences were spread throughout the area where existing uses necessitated it. The largest lot size of at least one acre, was required in the largest portion of the district. These minimum lot sizes, especailly the almost unheard of restriction of a one-acre minimum, were to prevent population concentration and preserve the existing values of the dwellings. Any type of industry or oil operation was expressly excluded from Montecito.

IV. The First Decade

In 1929 the California legislature revised the 1927 Planning Act by Chapter 838, Statutes of 1929, by requiring that "the legislative body . . . of

each county create by ordinance a planning commission." This met the legal precept that all non-charter counties be subject to the same laws. In December, 1929, Santa Barbara County zoning ordinances were redrafted to conform to the 1929 planning law and the Commission was duly reorganized.

A. Master Plan. As was noted above, at its very first meeting the Commission stated the need for a master plan. In one of his first written reports to the newly installed Commission, L.D. Tilton wrote

> the primary duty of the County Planning Commission is to make a Master Plan of the County which will serve as a guide in all future improvements and development work throughout the County.

Tilton stated that a Master Plan should include elements on conservation, land use, recreation, streets and highways, transportation, transit, public services, public buildings, community design and housing. In 1928 the Commission had hired Civil Engineer Wallace C. Penfield as Planning Director, for the specific purpose of preparing a Master Plan, the first section of which was to be a plan for State highways through the County. Penfield was a recent graduate in Civil Engineering from California Institute of Technology in Pasadena. In those days, colleges did not offer degrees in planning, and planning staff positions were filled by graduates in civil engineering, architecture and landscape architecture.

In addition to the proposed county-wide master plan, community plans for various areas of the County were anticipated. Community plans were only to be initiated at the specific request of that district's residents, and it was Commission policy from the outset not to impose restrictions on any area where the majority of the residents were not in favor of such regulation. The first community plan was for the Montecito district.

Throughout the first decade of work by the Planning Department, many preliminary plan outlines were drawn up, the first completed in 1928. In 1929 the Director reported he was continuing his studies for the Master Plan. One of the first obstacles to be overcome was the lack of an adequate map. The only detailed County map available had been completed in 1897. Its scale was too small for most planning purposes, and it was quite outdated thirty years later. The Commission had new maps prepared as a first order of business.

In its 1932 Annual Report, the Planning Commission promised continued work on the Master Plan. Five years later, however, the 1937 Report stated that the staff had prepared only "preliminary outlines for a Master Plan Report." Despite numerous preliminary outlines, reports and studies, by the end of the decade, no Master Plan report, as contemplated by State Law and first initiated twelve years earlier in 1928, had been prepared. The only significant step that was taken toward a completed Plan was the 1938 Master Plan of County Roads and Highways.

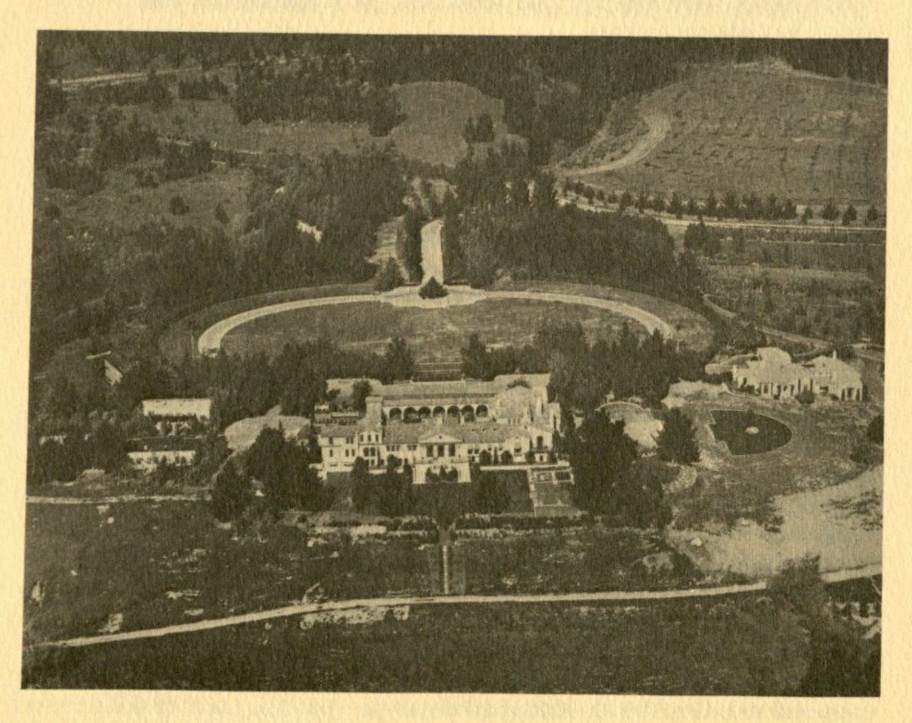
The Commission's other accomplishments during this formative decade were many, however, and attention to those other matters, outlines below, prevented any considerable work on the Master Plan.

B. Subdivision Regulation. In addition to the requirement of

commissions, the 1929 law (Chapter 837, Statutes of 1929) allowed counties to approve subdivision regulations and adopt them as ordinances. One of Director Tilton's first efforts had been the initial drafting of subdivision rules in 1928. In the summer of 1928 public hearings on the proposed rules were held in Santa Maria and Santa Barbara, at which time realtors and subdividers submitted suggestions. The rules were amended and officially adopted on September 6, 1928.

Shortly after passage of the 1929 law, the Commission's Subdivision Subcommittee started work on a revision of those original subdivision regulations. This work continued for several years and on February 4, 1937, the Commission endorsed the revised regulations and in April forwarded the matter to the Board of Supervisors for adoption as an ordinance. Before subdivision rules were enacted, property owners were under no restrictions as to the size, location, improvements and access to lots, and such freedom was subject to abuse.

While the regulations were before the Supervisors, new state laws regarding subdivision regulations were enacted by the State legislature. The proposed ordinance was updated to conform with the new Map Act and adopted on September 13, 1937. After adoption of the ordinance, the Planning Department prepared a guide for the purpose of explaining the procedure and principles to be followed in the subdivision of land in Santa



Wide expanse of Billings Estate S.B. Historical Society

Barbara County. A manual had first been prepared by Director Tilton in 1930, and in addition to laying out the course for subdividers to follow, it also set up a uniform set of standards for the guidance of County officials in their consideration of subdivision proposals.

The subdivision ordinance specified that the County could require dedication of school and park sites and also streets and their associated grading, surfacing, curbs, culverts and bridges. In addition, an adequate water supply and sewers were to be supplied to each new parcel.

In the first three years in which the Commission reviewed subdivisions (1930 to 1933), the Commission acted on only sixteen proposals. One of these early subdivisions was of the Rosario Park area atop San Marcos Pass. During the fiscal year 1933-34, there were no subdivisions in the County. The following year, five were proposed, all of them of the small farm type in rural areas. In 1936 only two subdivisions were approved, one of eight acres by Bates and Saulsbury in Santa Maria and one of five acres on the Barker property in Montecito. In 1937 two subdivisions were approved, both in Solvang, on the Fauerso and Gregersen properties. In 1938 no subdivisions were recorded in the County and 1939 saw only one proposal, in Mission Canyon Heights. These early years—26 subdivisions of land in ten years—are perhaps testimony to general economic conditions of the time, and stand in stark contrast to future decades. At that time subdivisions were simply land divisions, with purchasers constructing their own improvements.

C. Mission Canyon Zoning. Shortly after their 1929 precedent-setting zoning plan for Montecito, the Planning Commission initiated studies on extending the boundaries of the one district included in the zoning ordinance to include the Mission Canyon area north of the City of Santa Barbara. Public hearings were held in September, 1929, and an ordinance was passed by the Commission and adopted unanimously by the Board of Supervisors on September 17, 1930. The Mission Canyon area was thereby annexed to the Montecito district and came under the same zoning regulations. Mission Canyon Heights was originally zoned for duplexes on small lots, although there were no sewers and percolation was very poor.

D. Oil Drilling. From its very inception, the Santa Barbara County Planning Commission spent a considerable amount of time and effort on the subject of oil drilling in the County. In August, 1928, Planning Director Tilton prepared an outline of planning problems in the development of the newly discovered Ellwood oil field. His report included suggestions for a model oil workers' town at Ellwood in anticipation of the field's becoming "another Signal Hill." Community reaction to most oil development was extremely negative.

Montecito Oil Problems

Planners also dealt with oil problems in the newly zoned Montecito area. Several months after the zoning ordinance was created, an oil derrick was erected at the corner of Sheffield Drive and the State Highway in defiance of County officials who attempted to enforce the County's regulations

prohibiting such development.

The validity of the County ordinance was challenged successfully in court. The court did not agree with the County that protection of community welfare as defined by that community was more important than private property interests. Montecito citizens contributed to aid the County's costs of litigation in the oil matter.

Shortly after this initial setback, the Commission was reorganized and the zoning rules re-enacted under the 1929 State Planning Act. The new ordinances provided for their enforcement by injunction and permitted an appeal by the County from any adverse judicial decision, provisions not available in the earlier ordinance. However, by that time the objectionable Montecito well had been brought into production but closed down due to the poor quality and small quantity of oil produced.

During the same year (1929) property owners at Serena, the area immediately east of Toro Canyon Road in Montecito, petitioned either to be relieved from the zoning restriction against oil development or to be released from the Montecito zoning district altogether, as they desired oil development in their area. In addition, the Commission prepared an emergency ordinance prohibiting oil drilling in Mission Canyon, and met with residents of the Gaviota area who were opposed to any regulation of oil development in their area, thirty miles west of Santa Barbara.

After the new ordinance went into effect, a suit for $50,000 on conspiracy charges was brought by private property owners against members of the Planning Commission, other County officials and some citizens of Montecito for their efforts in attempting to exempt Montecito from oil exploration. However, the plaintiff dismissed the suit early in 1932. The County extended its thanks to the law firm of Heaney, Price & Postel for defending the County in court at no charge.

Mesa Oil Development

In 1929 the Santa Barbara City Council enlisted the assistance of County Director Tilton on the question of oil drilling in the City's Mesa district. Tilton advised the City that the proposed oil development would be unwise, but the City ignored Tilton's advice and allowed speculative drilling. Tilton's advice proved sound, however, as the Mesa Field never paid its own drilling costs and the City had difficulty in effecting removal of the hazardous, abandoned derricks and dangerous oil sumps.

Petroleum development proved controversial not only on land but also on the seas. In 1927 the State legislature opened the publicly owned State tidelands for speculative drilling. The right of the State to permit such uses was challenged but upheld by the California Supreme Court. While the case was pending the Planning Department prepared a report on the problems of shoreline development for the Board of Supervisors.

After the Court approved the State's plan, State permits were issued for tideland drilling, 95 percent of which were for exploration in Santa Barbara County. In addition to the 129 permits issued for Santa Barbara County, only two other coastal counties were subjective to coastal

drilling—neighboring Ventura County with twelve permits and Orange County, with two. The drilling was done either from land or on piers, as offshore platforms had not yet been developed.

In 1929 Assemblyman George Bliss secured passage of an amendment to the Tideland Drilling Act, ending the issuance of any new tideland permits. In 1931 the State attempted to reopen the tidelands for oil exploration. For three months, the Planning Commission staff spent its full time in an effort to defeat the proposal which was opposed unanimously by the Santa Barbara County Planning Commissioners and Supervisors. Santa Barbarans stressed the scenic and recreational value of their County's beaches in their attempt to counteract the "misguided State officials and selfish oil interests," (as Director Tilton labeled his opponents). The State's effort was unsuccessful, and for a few years the issue abated.

Additional oil activity was dampened by the Depression, but by June, 1937, enough activity had commenced to warrant the Board of Supervisors adopting an ordinance requiring a permit for every oil well drilled in the County. In 1937 and 1938, 153 permits were issued, mostly for wells in the Santa Maria area. By 1939 activity had declined somewhat, and 28 permits were issued. The Planning Director served as Oil Well Inspector and administered the oil ordinance.

E. County Beaches. In addition to work on oil development along County beaches, the Planning staff early in its career outlined other future problems regarding shoreline development. In 1928 Director Tilton prepared a report on beach protection in which he expressed concern about diminished public access to County beaches. At that time there were only four publicly owned beaches in the County: (a) the Santa Barbara City waterfront; and County beaches at (b) Carpinteria, (c) Gaviota, and (d) Ocean Park (Surf). Tilton recommended a scenic highway plan which would preserve views of the Pacific from coastal highways. He also asked the Commission to require subdividers of beach-front lots to dedicate public access to the shore as a condition of subdivision approval.

In 1930 Tilton prepared another report on beach development in which he outlined the need for public beach acquisition to add more beach park frontage to the two miles of publicly owned beach out of a total of 110 miles of shoreline in the County. Tilton pleaded with the State to give money to Santa Barbara to buy property near Stearns Wharf, later known as East Beach. At that time, East Beach was private property and partially occupied by a lumberyard.

Results of the Breakwater

From 1927 to 1930 a breakwater was built just to the west of the pier to provide a boat harbor for Santa Barbara, the cost of which was borne by Major Max Fleischmann. The breakwater created very severe problems of deposition and erosion along the Santa Barbara shoreline and eastward to Carpinteria. After assisting the City with a plan for the waterfront in 1933-34, the County Planning Department started work in 1936 on a survey of beach erosion problems resulting from the breakwater's construction.

Along the California coast sand moves in a north-to-south direction, or along the Santa Barbara coast from west to east. Once the breakwater was constructed, the sand's littoral movement was severely impeded. Sand built up west of the breakwater, creating the wide beach between it and Second Point, where the Yacht Club, harbor facilities and parking lot are today. In return, beach areas from Bellosguardo (the Clark estate) to Carpinteria were left with less sand protection and wave action caused significant erosion at many expensive properties.

In 1935 the Federal government spent $30,000 to dredge 200,000 cubic yards of sand from the Santa Barbara harbor. Over the next three years an additional $75,000 was spent. The sand was deposited seaward from the waterfront and was moved by ocean currents to beaches to the east, which had been denuded by erosion. In 1937 the Planning Commission urged a joint investigation of the Santa Barbara harbor and beach situation by the City, County and the Federal Beach Erosion Board. The Planning Commission staff made surveys of the beach for this investigation from the City limits to Carpinteria. In 1938 a report was prepared for the U.S. Army Engineers on the beach problem by the cooperating members of the investigation. The report suggested several mitigative measures, including (1) dredging and pumping, (2) removal of the breakwater, and (3) abandonment of the harbor. The first alternative was chosen, and dredging commenced in 1938, resulting in beach restoration eastward from the harbor.

F. Master Plan of County Roads and Highways. The first effort of the Planning Department on the subject of County highways was cooperation with State highway engineers on a plan for the new highway through Gaviota Pass in April, 1929. The highway was successfully relocated there in 1932.

Two months after the Gaviota effort, the Planning staff prepared a plan for Montecito highways. Residents of Montecito wanted to prevent commercialization of highway frontage through their neighborhoods. Tilton, in an undated report on a proposed Montecito Parkway, stated that

> Montecito rebels at the prospect of this once-delightful tree-bordered old carriage road becoming a barren, fume-filled canyon of blatant signs, maladorous restaurants, flimsy auto camps and tourist hotels.

The County, together with the State, recommended relocation of the highway in Montecito, requiring a right-of-way 180 feet in width, wider than usually prescribed, in order to accommodate frontage roads and ensure the route's "parkway" atmosphere. The legality of this extra right-of-way for aesthetic purposes was in question, but the County's efforts were successful. The County also argued that the parkway was designed to insulate private property from the noise, fumes, glare and hazard of highway traffic. The parkway included new concepts in planting strips of 20 feet on each side of the highway, a frontage road on the other side of the planting strip, and another 14-foot planted strip on the far side of the frontage road, separating it from private property. County Supervisors

approved the parkway plan in December, 1930. The Planning staff continued work on the parkway throughout 1931, and by 1932 some of the required property had been secured. Tilton's design of the Montecito parkway has led to his being credited with originating the concept of the first limited access freeways as we know them today.

The original Montecito Parkway, extending from Olive Mill Road to San Ysidro Road, was extended in 1939-40 toward Ortega Hill, and was well received by Montecito residents.

A traffic boulevard through the City of Santa Barbara was also completed during the 1930s. In 1931 Tilton wrote a report on the proposed through-traffic route through the City. The Planners thought it advisable to separate truck traffic from pleasure-oriented traffic. Some of the larger trucks were damaging City streets. Before completion of the new route, when the through-traffic reached town, it made its way through the City on local streets with no designated preferred route. The County was interested in cooperative efforts because any route chosen by the City would enter the County in at least two places, and the County wanted the route fixed so that it could plan for land use along highway corridors.

The new route was completed in 1934 and two miles of its alignment were outside of the City limits and within County jurisdiction. County planners were concerned that County "frontage not be a cheap business thoroughfare lined with unsightly signs, buildings and billboards." In December, 1934, residents of the Hope district, bisected by the new traffic route, petitioned the County for some control on highway frontage land use. This petition started a process which eventually resulted in zoning of the Hope district, just west of the City limits.

In 1933 the State took over maintenance of some of the County's roads in an effort to assist local governments hit hard by the effects of the Depression. In 1934 and 1935, the Santa Barbara Roads Council was formed and concerned itself with the aesthetic appearance of County roads. One of its activities was to sponsor an annual service station contest to award recognition to the most attractive gasoline stations.

As noted above, in 1938 the Planning Commission presented its first element of an eventual master plan, a Plan for County Roads and Highways. The new plan contained an inventory and classification of all County roads. It reviewed problems with the highway system and outlined a proposed future development of the County road system. The plan was successful in guiding road development for several years and was the basis for completing many of the "missing links" in the County road system, many with Federal funds. Almost all of the highway and road projects which were initiated after the plan [was] adopted followed closely its recommendations.

G. South Coast Airport. For a number of years airplanes used airfields at Goleta and Carpinteria. By the early 1930s it became clear to both the City and County that a new regional air facility was necessary. When Federal funds became available for the purchase and development of a metropolitan air facility, the City and County requested the County

Planning Commission and its staff to study proposed sites for the airport. There were vigorous arguments in the community as to which site was most appropriate.

Director Tilton sent a letter to the Santa Barbara City Planning Commission on March 15, 1934, enclosing his analysis of "The Santa Barbara Airport Problem." Tilton pointed out that Santa Barbara was suffering "an increasing handicap on its own growth" and that the City's "show of fear and resistance to airplanes was making it ridiculous in the eyes of other communities." Tilton was very direct in his advice and felt that

> Santa Barbara cannot expect to hold its own in competition with other highly attractive California cities if it continues to remain officially indifferent to this problem. And it certainly cannot live up to its reputation as a proud, progressive city if it never offers the air traveler more than a hick-town, "cow-pasture" airport.

In the interest of securing an improved airport for the City and surrounding area, Tilton and his Planning staff considered five possible sites for the new airport: Southern Pacific Railroad Company lands along the Santa Barbara City waterfront; the Low estate in the City's Mesa district; the Scull property between the General Hospital and Hope Ranch; the existing airport at Goleta, and Earle Ovington's existing private airport on the northside (where McCaw Avenue now exists at the north end of the golf course).

In consideration of the different alternative sites' distance from the Santa Barbara business center, weather conditions, area and length of runways, character of surroundings and probable cost estimates, Tilton recommended that the City choose the Goleta Airport facility for the development as a regional airport. After a final sentence chiding City officials on their "indifference and hostility" toward air transportation, Tilton stated that the only disadvantage of the Goleta site was its distance from downtown Santa Barbara, which he measured as 10 minutes from the airport to the post office (then at State and Anapamu).Tilton saw far into the future when recommending the Goleta site with the comment "as City growth westward continues, it will become increasingly closer to the center of population."

Tilton's advice was followed, and in 1934 and 1935 the County Planning Commission completed plans and specifications for the Goleta airport. Actual construction was temporarily stalled due to title difficulties, but once resolved, the City of Santa Barbara, the Civil Aeronautic Authority and the U.S. Marine Corps together spent several million dollars in the late 1930s and early 1940s on developing the Goleta air field into the regional air center.

H. "Make-Work" Projects. When Depression-period public works programs were announced by the Federal government in 1933, Santa Barbara County undertook an examination of its needs and decided to make no official applications to the Federal government for public works loans. County Supervisors had a policy that the County should never be

burdened by interest payments, and therefore refused to allow any such debts. The Planning Commission did, however, cooperate in planning efforts for several school districts and cities under the public works program. In addition, the Planning staff spent a considerable amount of time in the first year after the Federal Public Works Administration (PWA) and CWA were organized in planning for projects upon which unemployed persons were employed. By the middle of 1934, the County Planning staff had completed plans for improvements of public parks at Carpinteria Beach, Santa Maria Park, Santa Rosa Park (parking), Nojoqui Falls, and for the remodeling of the Cerca del Mar clubhouse at Carpinteria Beach.

Further, the Planning Department considered the proper management and landscaping of El Camino del Cielo, a mountainous road along the crest of the Santa Ynez Mountains in U.S. Forest lands north of the City of Santa Barbara. The following year, in 1934-35, the Planning Department continued supervision of the County's "make-work" projects, and spent a considerable amount of time on the design and supervision of specific plans for actual construction work on the projects which were made possible by the Federal government. These included the placement of a National Park Service supervised CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps) camp at La Purisma Mission ruins near Lompoc. Actual reconstruction of the Mission was also started at that time. Additional plans were prepared for landscaping at Santa Ynez High School, Carpinteria's Aliso School, the County Hospital Clinic building, a new County-operated outdoor amphitheatre in Santa Barbara (later known as the County Bowl), and for a major baseball field in the City of Santa Barbara.

As the Depression progressed, almost full time was spent by the Planning Department on the administration of building funds, cooperation with Federal agencies and the supervision of construction and planning efforts of specific projects in the Federal government's relief programs using local architects and engineers. In the years 1936-37 many of these projects were undertaken, all under the supervision of the County Planning Department. These projects included:

Veterans' Memorial Building, Carpinteria
General Hospital Childrens' Tubercular Ward
Veterans' Memorial Building, Lompoc
Solvang Community Building
Santa Maria Branch of the County Hospital
Veterans' Memorial Building, Santa Barbara
Employees' quarters, General Hospital
Santa Barbara County Bowl
County Farm dairy
County Welfare Department alterations
Detention Home garage
Forestry shelter at Goleta Sandspit

In addition to the planning and actual construction of some of these projects, reconstruction work continued at La Purisma Mission.

In 1938 and 1939, additional projects added were the Guadalupe-Lompoc Road and further development at Rocky Nook Park near the Santa Barbara Mission.

Besides planning construction and landscaping projects, the Planning Department also employed clerical help. The clerical workers completed an interesting study of subdivisions in the County showing the relation between subdivision activity and tax delinquency. The study of subdivided property showed that the conservative attitude of Santa Barbara County toward subdivisions was beneficial in that the tax delinquency of subdivided property was insignificant and below the average of all County property, therefore tending to show that no over-subdividing had occurred as it apparently had elsewhere.

I. Miscellaneous Zoning Efforts. After completing work on the 1930 zoning ordinance for the Montecito and Mission Canyon areas, several years passed before the Commission received requests for zoning controls from property owners in other areas. In 1933 the Commission studied an area near Goleta for a proposed zoning ordinance. At the April, 1934, meeting, Commission members discussed zoning the Hope District because of the threat of a new dairy on Hollister Avenue. The Commission decided against enacting a new zoning ordinance because the citizens of the district had not requested one. The Commissioners commented among themselves, however, that they suspected the citizens' hesitation in requesting such an ordinance was due to their ignorance of the benefits of zoning.

In an October, 1934, report, Planning Engineer W.C. Penfield recommended a comprehensive plan and zoning ordinance for the Hope district, scene of the new major traffic boulevard exiting the western border of the City of Santa Barbara. At the October Commission meeting, Mr. Dorsey Linbarger of the Hope District objected to any type of restriction in his area. In December, however, several district property owners petitioned the Commission to establish an ordinance protecting the Coast Highway from "objectionable and nuisance business enterprises."

The Commission approved an emergency interim zoning ordinance, adopted by the Board of Supervisors as Ordinance No. 438 for the Hope district. The ordinance prohibited new buildings of any type in the area with the exception of farm buildings (no dairies, however, were allowed), oil development, residence, churches, schools, hospitals and temporary agricultural produce stands. The ordinance required permits for any commercial buildings near the highway, and specifically proscribed the approval of permits for auto wrecking yards, junk yards, and service stations storing gasoline above ground. A permit was required for the erection of any building, even if it were permitted in the ordinance.

In 1935 public hearings were held on permanent zoning of the Hope district. Residents objected to the requirement of the interim ordinance which required permits for new farm buildings. At the August, 1935, Planning Commission meeting Harry Sexton vigorously objected to any permanent zoning for the Goleta/Hope area: "I don't think we should

have any kind of ordinance or zoning." Sexton lost out, however, and zoning restrictions were retained for much of the Hope district.

In September, 1937, property owners in the Santa Ynez Valley petitioned the Commission for a zoning ordinance to protect their property values. In October the Planning staff prepared a proposed ordinance, and in November and December public hearings were held. Many other residents objected to the proposal, however, and the ordinance was not adopted.

A year later, in the fall of 1938, the Commission received requests from property owners in the Carpinteria area and from the La Purisma area near Lompoc for the enactment of zoning ordinances. The Planning staff prepared proposed zoning ordinances and maps for the two areas which were used at subsequent public hearings. In 1939 these zoning plans were abandoned, due to objections from other property owners.

In addition to County areas, the Planning Department assisted in City planning and general community planning during the 1930s. Santa Maria established a City Planning Commission in 1930 and the County Planning Director served as its consultant. In 1932 the County staff helped redraft the zoning ordinance of the City of Santa Barbara. In 1931 they assisted citizens of Carpinteria and Solvang in general community planning efforts. Lompoc also had a City Planning Commission. Lompoc had a street plan originally laid out with the future in mind, and its Commission had little to do, although in 1938 the County staff assisted Lompoc in plans for a City Zoning ordinance.

J. Review. In its formative decade, the Santa Barbara County Planning Commission was among the most progressive in the nation. In his 1931-32 Annual Report, Tilton noted that "Santa Barbara County has gained national recognition because of its pioneer effort and leadership in planning." When the Commission was created, none of the predominantly rural counties in the State had ever attempted to incorporate a planning program into their government. Only two chiefly urban counties, Los Angeles and San Francisco, had attempted any planning, both for their urban centers.

In the early years the legality of much of the Commission's activities was untested. Although the 1929 State law gave express authority for county planning, much opposition was encountered. In one of his earliest reports, Director Tilton commented that

> the law under which the commission operates is not as strong as it could be . . . the property owners of rural districts are somewhat suspicious and resentful of these new efforts to subject the county to the mild discipline of a Master Plan. Land owners have never had to ask permission of county officials to do anything they cared to do in the past and have difficulty now in understanding why the county should be so much concerned over what is going on in the rural districts.

In the interests of promoting planning, Tilton spent a considerable amount of time in the educational programs which were necessary to make the work of the County Planning Commission more acceptable. The

Commission gave liberal support to Tilton in his efforts. In addition to teaching planning courses at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles, Tilton gave lectures and talks at literally hundreds of local meetings, averaging more than one per week during 1932.

These talks were not entirely successful in convincing citizens that planning was beneficial. By the end of 1932 when the Depression was very severe, the Taxpayers' Association clamored for abolition of the Planning Commission as an unnecessary government expense. The Supervisors did not agree, however, and later their judgement appeared sound, as the Planning Commission supervised the large amount of Federal funds spent in unemployment relief in the planning, designing and supervision of many government projects.

In retrospect, the greatest asset to County planning during those years was the Director, L. Deming Tilton. Tilton had an uncanny ability, as is apparent years later, to foresee the future and its problems and to suggest innovative solutions in advance. Most importantly, Tilton recognized what could be done in the present to best prepare for the future. Tilton's incessant call for zoning regulation, subdivision ordinances, park land acquisition, shoreline protection, traffic projection and comprehensive planning all came at a time when such efforts were unheard of and, when heard, only with suspicion.

Tilton's renown spread quickly and in June, 1934, he was appointed consultant to the State Planning Commission of California. Tilton remained as a consultant to Santa Barbara County, but by the end of the 1934-35 year Wallace C. Penfield took over the direction of the Planning Department. Penfield had been hired by Tilton in November, 1929, as County Planning Engineer. By 1938 Tilton received only $50 per month for his occasional consultation to the County.

Working with only the very loose tools of the inchoate Master Plan, zoning ordinances and subdivision controls, two men and a stenographer/secretary ran the County Planning Department under the direction of the six Planning Commissioners and the Board of Supervisors until the beginning of World War II. The early years of their planning efforts, despite the problems of doubtful legal sanction, a national Depression, and a Planning Commission that often could not even garner a quorum, were outstanding and a model for the State. The Commission met for one or two hours one day per month. Wallace Penfield, writing his first annual report on Planning activities in 1935, commented that

> the activities of the organization are not spectacular, and many of its plans and ideas are carried out by other agencies, but the Commission is constantly at work to guide the development of Santa Barbara County in an economical, orderly way and to preserve and improve the character of the County for its citizens and visitors.

The next section of Mr. Hvolbøll's account dealing with the "War and Post-war Planning" and summarizing later developments in County zoning and planning, will be published in a later number of Noticias.

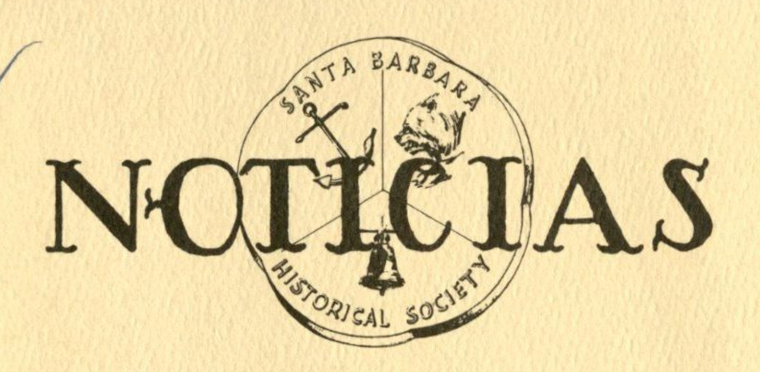
The 1984 annual report of the Santa Barbara Historical Society by Sylvia Griffiths, director, saluted the Board of Directors of 1964. Twenty years ago they undertook raising money for construction of our Museum building. They were the Mmes. Wilson Forbes, Charles H. Cannon, Godwin J. Pelissero, W. Edwin Gledhill and Henry Griffiths, and Dr. Hilmar Koefod, Hugh Weldon, Paul G. Sweetser, Thomas J. McDermott, Garrett Van Horne, John D. Gill, Yale Griffith, John Jordano, Jr., R. Lockwood Tower, Thomas M. Storke, Rev. Virgil Cordano, O.F.M., Edwin Selden Spaulding, Elmer H. Whittaker, Dr. Irving N. Wills and W. Edwin Gledhill, Museum director. The report is available at the Museum.

A COMING EVENT

Invitations for the annual celebration of Santa Barbara's birthday in April will be mailed soon.

QUARTERLY BULLETIN
OF THE
SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
136 EAST DE LA GUERRA STREET
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA 93101

Mr. George E. Frakes
735 Willow Glen Road
Santa Barbara, Calif. 93105



Public Library, Carrillo St. S.B. Historical Society

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Clock Building, State and Carrillo

Edson Smith Collection, S.B. Library

REMINISCENCES OF HANNAH C. MOOR
c. 1884-1928

These reminiscences of Hannah C. Moor were sent to the Santa Barbara Historical Society for possible publication. They are particularly interesting because Hannah Moor was executor of the will of Dr. Harriet Belcher, who had come to Santa Barbara only a few years previously, and who lived only a few years after that. Recollections of the Oliver family of Mission Canyon will be published later. Rebecca was Hannah's sister.

We came to California in November, 1884, and spent the winter in San Francisco with brother William and other friends, and in the spring we visited the southern parts of the state. We arrived in Santa Barbara from San Pedro by boat, the Orizaba, on a fine moonlight night late in the month of April. We felt that we had reached the land of our dreams — we called it the turning point in our lives.

It was the custom then to announce the arrival of the boat by firing a cannon as it rounded into shore, and passengers were warned beforehand, so nobody need be alarmed. It may have been a signal for hack drivers to be on hand, but I prefer to think that it was to announce that we were soon to be in "The Better Land."

The boat reached the pier, the gangplank was thrown out, the few passengers pressed eager to land, but no one was allowed to do so until the agent came on board. Presently a slight, stylish young woman in a very tall hat with a fine feather, and in boots with very high heels adding much to her height and appearance, came tripping up the plank. Santa Barbara was ahead of the times, for the post office was in the hands of a woman, the lighthouse, and also one of the few physicians in good standing was a woman. We were slow to leave the lovely scene; the quiet waters below, the soft moonlight above, and the peaceful mountains with the Old Mission nestled beneath, made a picture that can never be erased or repeated.

The first night was spent at the San Marcos, a small hotel on the site of the present San Marcos building. It had been built and occupied as a college for several years—only a few of the pupils alive now to tell the tale. The hotel was closing for the summer, as was also the Arlington, so few were the travelers at that time, and so we had to move on and on. In 1885 five thousand was a fair estimate of the population, one-third being Spanish or Mexican, but even then Santa Barbara was called the "Boston of the Pacific Coast," showing that it had some attractions for eastern people and travelers.

The summer passed all too quickly for us. The days were spent on the beach, pleasant hours, always finding congenial friends in the morning. The little mule cars jangled fitfully from the Arlington to the shore, stopping for persons to get their mail or do a trifling errand; there was no hurry; if you were—it made no difference. On one occasion when unbroken mules were used, they took the car from the track and landed it beside a fence, one mule underneath the car. It took time to get things straightened out, but who cared; there was plenty of time in those days. People were friendly. There were no automobiles, of course, but lots of horses for riding or driving, and a surrey and pair for half a day at $1.50 seemed a reasonable price.

In the evenings no one seemed to be astir: no street lights, no sidewalks, only a few planks to stumble over. We purchased a lantern, which proved to

be a real comfort, for we could not make ourselves sleepy at eight o'clock. We made our calls and strolled about the quiet town, much to the amusement of our friends and our own entertainment.

Dr. Belcher

Dr. Harriet Belcher, a charming woman physician, had built a pretty, comfortable home on State Street.* This was our favorite dropping in place on pleasant evenings; she and her friends were always entertaining. Alas for us when the doctor took sick and left us after one short year of close friendship. She asked me to settle up her small estate, which I was able to do with the help of her good friend Judge Wright.

I must go back six months to a luncheon in Oakland. Three ladies, one of whom had never met the others before, but who knew each other through mutual friends, were spending the day with a delightful hostess. They all were much impressed with the wonderful country, and were not much pleased with the idea of returning east in the spring, when their visits would naturally come to an end. They were all free to stay or go—three middle-aged women without closer ties than brothers and sisters and friends. What to do if they went, or what to do if they staid, a perplexing question.

*She rented this place. Later she built a home on East Victoria Street.

They had broken up housekeeping before leaving the east; what could they do here? Many things were suggested; at last one said it seemed a question of money; with their limited incomes they could not board in a suitable place; traveling would be even more expensive, and they must do something to give them a home at least; then in time if they were fortunate they could see the lovely country.

They grew very enthusiastic as they talked and planned. They would find some good place which they would make so attractive that nice people would want to stay with them. They had noticed in their travels a great need of comfortable, inexpensive places. They would make their house homelike certainly. The little Cambridge lady said she knew something of importance in taking boarders; her stepmother had been successful, and she thought it was all owing to the free use of butter and eggs. She also thought they should specialize in something, and she knew how to make good coffee, of which she was extravagantly fond.

They parted after a most satisfactory visit, promising to keep in mind and write, and surely something could be found to keep them together. They were congenial in tastes and in means, and quite alive to the need of making an effort in some direction. They were used to good homes and comfortable living, and together they surely ought to be able to accomplish what not one of them had courage to attempt alone—the unusual experience.

Later on the sisters went south to see friends and the country; the warmer climate appealed to them and they felt sure it would be a more congenial air than the heavier winds of the north. They were constantly thinking of their plan and daily letters passed between them and the "partner" as they called the little friend in San Francisco. Their enthusiasm grew as time went on; the sick sister was better, and soon they were able to move and begin the new life.

* She rented this place. Later she built a home on East Victoria Street.

Lodging House Proprietors

They arrived in Santa Barbara, and after six months an old house was secured; the walls and floors were there, but the needed repairs were more prominent than anything else. However, their spirits were quite above all drawbacks. The small rooms would take less furnishing; the high ceilings would give more air; the patched plastering could be covered by pretty paper, and fresh paint would make a world of difference—they paid no heed to discouraging friends.

One said they had taken an old lodging-house, a second-class affair. They replied it would not be, in a short time. Another said that they were putting money in a worthless place, etc., but they kept on and soon brought order out of chaos. They enjoyed the unusual work of superintending their plans, seeing progress, and not thinking much of how it would end. The workmen were kind and sympathetic—feeling, I am sure, that the ladies were half crazy to undertake such a job.

Their enthusiasm was just as great at the end of the month, which they had spent in transposing the old house into a clean, respectable, rather attractive looking place. They saw that the situation was good, the rooms were well lighted, and where too small, walls were taken down, and fresh paint and paper made a great change. Floors were shabby, but nice Chinese matting covered them, and the simple furniture, with good beds and pretty hangings gave a homelike appearance. An important point was that it possessed one of the very few bathrooms in town—very simple, but a real luxury.

In December the little "partner" was in town. After many delays and disappointments, the workmen had finished their job, and the last touches of paint and paper gave a feeling of satisfaction that they had hardly expected. They were very tired but pleased, and said they would camp out in the new quarters; three little beds were ready in two adjoining rooms. Very few bits of furniture were there; the doors were locked, or at least one was; a bed against the other into the hall. After the first good sleep, some strange noise in the hall awoke the sleepers: footsteps, sure enough. All were alert, not heavy steps at all, but very apparent, more on the short flight of steps to the attic and tower above. No one would open the door to investigate.

One [of them] was sure the sound was overhead where someone had hidden themselves. Another said it might be only a rat parading. But surely they were footsteps, fading away at times to perfect quiet, then after an interval coming in a different direction. How very absurd and helpless they felt; should they start out to meet they knew not what? Shivers and chatter-teeth were all they could feel; no courage could be found to meet the situation. The big, strange house and no weapon to use, not even a poker. Then one said, "We will give it all up and move out in the morning." Another said, "Never say a word; it would spoil everything we hope to do." Then she remembered a small bottle of whiskey. Dutch courage gave temporary relief, but there was no more sleep until daylight.

They decided a real holiday was needed to settle their shaky nerves—a few hours at the beach, and the assurance of an old settler that the steps were caused by the action of the weather on the old wood, made them quite happy

again. They rushed with renewed energy to get all in order; furniture was coming in and final touches to be made; a cook and waitress to be found, etc. A New York family was waiting; they had become interested in the work when hunting for a quiet place away from the hotel. Also another family of seven, friends of the dear Olivers. This was all very exciting, but there were many qualms and doubts as to how to meet this entirely new situation. I realize how much courage it must have taken. Mr. Oliver was a great help in giving assurance that we could carry on with satisfaction, also in advice in many ways, and offers of money which I am happy to say was not needed.

A friend in Bangor had left us $2,000 which we could appropriate for this venture, and this paid for repairs and furniture and left a margin besides, so we felt quite rich to begin with. The furnishings were of the simplest kind. The stock in town was so impossible in its glaring, staring tastelessness, that we hunted up a carpenter who made redwood tables and bureaus that were adequate, and suited us much better.

Their Guests

On Christmas eve, while the sisters were dining with friends, the first boarder came. She arrived on the stage from Los Angeles. This was before the railroad was nearer than sixty miles. The Cambridge "partner" received the pretty young girl so agreeably and comfortably that they became firm friends ever after. She gave her a tiny room she had occupied, squeezing herself into the cupola, six by seven feet small, with stairs landing in one corner. There were eight small windows, so no question of air and sunlight. Curtains were soon in place, and pockets in every available space held shoes and wardrobe, except the gowns of the little woman, which found a place under the small stairs.

This proved to be a unique little room, quite a favorite for the wide views of the surrounding country. The sisters who were not tiny managed with a cot and lounge in their sitting room. In these pioneer times every inch was occupied and a spirit of accommodation seemed to prevail. They soon found it necessary to have more adequate quarters, but that first winter was one never to be forgotten.

For a short time in the season so many travelers came, and there were so few places for them, they often had to leave town on the next train. As the season advanced, many people would get rooms nearby and beg to come to the table. This was considered an intrusion by the house guests who were so much a family that they dreaded any strangers. However, the proprietors considered that the season was so short that soon all travelers would be gone and an empty house might continue through the summer. All were so friendly that they encouraged the newcomers and made themselves agreeable to them.

The four young ladies and the two young men of the family often went to the Arlington dances, which they found pleasant, but they were loyal to their own house which they were pleased to consider very exclusive. They were especially proud of the cook, who with her daughter, who waited on table, were cousins of Whittier, the poet. We were more than satisfied that she was competent, with supervision, of cooking well. Her daughter of sixteen, fond of

study, and reading quite unusual books, was heard one night by the Cambridge lady in the next room calling out, "Mama, mama, wake up, you don't seem to take any interest in Josephus." Poor tired cook was much more in need of sleep.

We had amusing, trying times later with Chinese servants, not knowing how to manage the strange creatures. They marched in one day and out the next, leaving a deserted kitchen and a large family without breakfast, as happened one day when the cook was arrested and had to be bailed out before dinner time. No one knew that anything unusual had happened, as the rule that domestic affairs were never to be discussed was always observed, a rule which applied especially to the entertaining member of the family who could make even domestic affairs very interesting if allowed.

One day Mrs. P. stopped on her way to her seat at table to tell me that her husband would not be at dinner; he was on a little vacation. I thought it strange, as he was a friendly charming man, too polite to leave without a word. Three days later he appeared as usual. Some time after, we heard that he had been at a downtown hotel, not feeling presentable while on one of his habitual sprees. Mrs. P., a charming woman of great refinement, seemed quite used to the peculiar situation.

Many interesting, delightful people passed in and out for a longer or shorter stay, and good friends they proved to be—mostly friends sent by other friends who had been with us, a congenial family with few exceptions. Most unsystematic were the ways of business; no bills were made out unless asked for.

The little friend who specialized on good coffee, and felt it necessary to make it herself, taking great pains to hold down the lid to see that it should boil only so many minutes, was ill one morning and Wong sent her coffee of his own making. When she declared it was as good as hers, she left it to his discretion after that. He was quite jolly over it.

The Chinese were often most perplexing and amusing to Eastern people, much like learning a new language. Chung had a keen sense of humor and very warm feelings, and when he said that his mistress "looked just like his auntie," it seemed a puzzling question as to how the fair, blue-eyed lady could resemble in any way a Chinese. It was finally decided to be a matter of feeling; his fondness for both made the resemblance to him. One day he made a show cake, usually a success, but this one fell in the middle; he made a rose of sugar to cover the spot and called it "humbug cake." In looking at a picture on the wall of sheep on a hillside, he remarked, "Too much mutton in this house;" probably like his countrymen, he preferred chicken.

Santa Barbara Life

One evening in April the sisters went to their first party in Santa Barbara, quite an unusual affair, and the sixty or seventy persons would include all party-goers, I am sure. It was to be an out-of-doors party; Japanese lanterns were lighted in the garden, tables and chairs were placed around, and everybody came dressed in their best. When we approached the place, a dense, wet fog shrouded the trees and blurred the lights, and all scurried into the

house away from the penetrating dampness. The hostess marshalled the way upstairs to show the guests how to dispose of their wraps. "Begin at the head of the bed, lay them so; when there is no more room there, then fill the closet shelves, beginning here."

A small upstairs room was cleared for dancing if the room downstairs was too full. You can see we were expected to stay late and enjoy ourselves. Rebecca led off with the host, a tall, slight Englishman; I had the Judge, and we danced to good music. The cream of the evening was the time of refreshments. The hostess, English too, walked in with many napkins folded like towels across her arm; sitting down, she folded them one by one and tossed them to those near enough, talking all the while. I remember we thought the food quite English, and that it was a very interesting party.

Perhaps you would like to know more of the host and his wife. He had been in Santa Barbara several years and held quite an important place here. He was well educated, of good appearance, shy and reserved, really the most desirable beau in town, much sought after, but canny enough to elude all serious affairs. Some English friends, fine people, sent home for a niece, who came and captured the prize. She was a clever young woman. They had several children, and later moved to Boston and opened a music store. Both died years ago. These are a sample of many interesting people found here in early days.

Mrs. Lucas and her three small children were the only colored family in town. She was proud to claim Indian blood. As there were no caterers in town then, she was often called to assist at "teas" and weddings. Her two-wheeled cart drawn by little gray donkeys was a familiar sight on the streets. It was often hired by the visiting children, but a prettier sight it was when occupied by the little bronze faces in their red sunbonnets. "Sonny" came back ten years later to lecture.

A much-traveled friend found State Street the most interesting place to prowl about he had ever been in; every nationality, from cultured Englishmen to the lowest East Indian with their great variety of merchandise was to be found there. State Street was especially picturesque when the Mexicans lounged in the doorways or sat on the sidewalks. Their bronzed faces shaded by broad-brimmed sombreros, and dressed in their native chaps, with always a good touch of color in neckties or kerchiefs, made unconscious pictures as they talked in quiet tones. The older men were on horseback, or leading tired looking bronchos by the bridle, mustangs with plenty of spirit when needed, but like their masters, only working when necessary for daily food.

Many of the interesting Spanish families and their descendants were among the foremost citizens in public and social affairs. They must be gratified at the attempt to make the city more beautiful with Spanish architecture, which might keep on and on, unless indeed, we have too much oil underneath us!

Picnics were a great feature, a four-horse coach with several outriders off for the ranches, or by trail on horseback. My two trips to the top of the mountains, where we saw range after range as far as the eye could see, seeming like a world of mountains, was an unforgettable experience. I wonder if newcomers have the same thrills now; there must be "first times" to many, but

have they still the primitive freshness of those earlier days?

"Glen Annie" was one of the hospitable ranches much frequented by tourists. It was owned by Colonel Hollister, a prominent rancher, who was host at the Arlington at that time. On occasions he took the guests to breakfast at his ranch, giving them a pleasant outing and every luxury of the season. A large, handsome Kentuckian, driving his four-in-hand, he made a lasting impression.

"Ellwood," fifteen miles away, was a popular day's trip, a pleasant drive up the wooded canyon, open to the public; a couple of hours for reading aloud, or walking, and later a call—for us—on the interesting family, made a day to be remembered. Mr. Ellwood Cooper, the owner, was a Philadelphian; his wife also and two daughters, Quakers; they were intelligent, educated people, a pleasure to meet. Mrs. Ellwood Cooper's famous botanical garden with rare plants from faraway places all over the world, was an added interest. For many years there were famous almond orchards, the beautiful blossoms adding much to the attraction of the ranch of two thousand acres. Every spring we looked forward to that festival of flowers.

Very trying times to travelers were those heavy rains of winter, when the swollen streams and mud delayed transportation, and the mails were uncertain. I recall once when there was no mail for three weeks. Government was appealed to, and some mail was sent from San Francisco by steamer, by Wells, Fargo Express. Then we felt that we were indeed cut off from the world; we were in a little world of our own.

State Street after a heavy rain was a lake of mud, and the roads to Montecito then were almost impassable. While it was raining there seemed to be rivers rushing down the streets, but fortunately the sun soon came out and then it was glorious.

A young homesick Easterner said to me, " Can you truly say that you see anything beautiful in these bare, treeless mountains? They seem just like a wall between us and the world." However, there were compensations; no stinging cold or snow-covered grounds to plough through; indeed a tent proved quite a comfortable residence for people I knew. Invalids who seemed in greater proportion in those times, were happy and contented in the sunny days—uncomplaining of the many comforts they were deprived of.

It was not unusual to find families living in a barn while they were planning to build a permanent residence. We were nicely entertained at a pretty tea party one day, by a charming hostess and her friends. With the wide door open, the carriage room was large and ample for many people. She showed us the stalls fitted up for bedrooms, new and clean of course; every comfort provided, and meanwhile plenty of time was allowed for the new building to develop.

I think it was in the year 1888 that the "Gap" was filled,* and trains were running to connect with the outside world; great was the rejoicing and great was the land boom. Another side of the story was the bursting of the boom when so many were landed in the valley of humiliation, a state not easy to leave. Working women, teachers, everyone with modest savings had been fired to speculate in land. The sharpers got the money.

* The Southern Pacific Railroad came as far as Santa Barbara in 1887.

Those first years were very interesting ones; we were getting acquainted with new surroundings and conditions, and the change of climate was so agreeable that we even felt quite energetic. Nine years passed before we enjoyed a trip to the Atlantic Coast.

I have told you of our Fortnightly Club, which was started so long ago. Mrs. Barclay Hazard of New York, then a resident of Santa Barbara, was the originator of the Club. The first meeting was at Mrs. William Eddy's on Mission Street, when half a dozen ladies were present to consult about it. It was to be very informal, no officers except a secretary, one of the members, of course, to keep the records, appoint the meetings, etc.

As they were to meet at the houses of the members, there were no dues, the hostess of the day giving tea. As the Club was limited to twenty-five members, quite naturally there have been many changes in the forty years of its existence. Occasionally winter visitors were invited during their short stay, and new members were asked to fill the vacancies. Getting together so often for readings and discussions of current events has given many enjoyable hours to the members of this circle of warm friends.

Clubs and Charities

The Woman's Club was started in the nineties I think by Mrs. Nicholas Wade of Montecito, and a small circle of friends. Mrs. Baxter was the first President. The Club has grown constantly in size and usefulness until it is now an important feature of the town. With its more than a thousand members, it has lately acquired beautiful grounds in Mission Canyon, with a commodious house equipped with all of the appliances of a first class club. It has a good auditorium for entertainment, as well as a smaller hall for business meetings. They may well be proud of Rockwood.

We all know and hear of our Cottage Hospital and its prosperity, of the fine research work it is doing, of the many noble gifts it receives, which enable it to care for rich and poor alike, and we enjoy thinking that it is one of the best in the land. The last catalogue was most interesting and satisfactory, and I thought of the old adage, "Tall oaks from little acorns grow," as applicable to the humble beginning and growth of our Hospital.

Many of us remember the efforts made forty years ago to start it. It was felt as a great need by those who realized the small chance of care and comfort for the sick person who came for a change of climate, as well as for those who lived here, and also for visitors who chanced to be ill on their journey.

Dr. Harriet G. Belcher, one of the few resident physicians, often spoke of the importance of a hospital here, and also said, "We are going to have one." Where it was to come from was another question, but she had faith. She was a fine woman, [aged] in the forties, coming from Philadelphia where she had studied. Unfortunately, she died before the building was started. A very good portrait of her painted by Mrs. Loup and given to the hospital by Miss Anna Blake, was hung on the wall soon after she died.

One day she told me of the meeting of a few ladies to talk over their plans, at the home of Mrs. [Harriet P.] Calder, on the corner of Arrellaga and Bath Streets. Soon a number of interested citizens met in the Unitarian Chapel

diagonally across from the old Arlington Hotel, where Bentz's store now is. "The Santa Barbara Hospital Society" was formed, a board of directors was selected, and membership offered at one dollar each, and the affair was really started in April, 1888.

Of course nothing could be done with the small sums we were able to collect; only a few hundred dollars were raised in that way. I was pleased to give in thirty dollars donated by friends. Many were interested, but few were able. At last four men of property—there were not many of them in the five thousand citizens—contributed three thousand dollars each, and the board felt justified in beginning to build.* A contract was made for walls, roof and plastering, trusting to future help for the rest. The building was watched with great interest.

A few weeks later funds were contributed to finish it. Great was the rejoicing when a day was named for a reception to show the house, and to extend an interest in the work. There was a large attendance and many things contributed: articles for furnishing, etc. Individuals offered to furnish rooms, and before long it was a real hospital, and patients were received.

I think on December 6, 1891,* the first patients were admitted: two Portugese women from the household of Mr. George Oliver, subjects of the "flu" so prevalent that year. I think it was called "Russian influenza." Whatever it was, I remember having a month's illness. And so the hospital went on increasing in usefulness, through many struggles and efforts, borne so bravely by those efficient women, who often supplemented very inefficient services, but secured care and comfort for many weary beings.

It is well to give them a thought and to realize how different were conditions in those early days. On one occasion when the cook took sudden leave, the President of the Board drove the two miles to cook the dinner, while others of the Board put new patients to bed and saw that all was made comfortable.

I think Mrs. [Mary A.] Ashley was the first President of the Board and always ready to help out in expenses. If a poor patient could not meet the bill, several ladies would pool in the deficit. It seemed a matter of pride that the institution should never be in debt. Dr. Spaulding, for fifteen years Superintendent, was a fine woman whose whole time and thought was given to her work. Several times she took but a fourth of her month's salary and turned in the rest for extra expenses. I knew her well in the six weeks I was a boarder, while Rebecca was there as a patient.

A very important person in the hospital work, and in the town, was Dr. Richard J. Hall, from New York. He came as an invalid, got better and did some wonderful work as a surgeon, a handsome, charming man whom it was a delight to know. When he died at the age of forty, his loss was felt as a public calamity. Through his influence, a member of his family established the first operating room with the latest appliances for the work. A musical given by his wife added to the many other benefits from the family.

Many were the ways and means of adding support to the running expenses. One year a Dickens party, another a Kirmess, and so on, always something attractive, and there were always willing workers for our pet

* Some newspaper accounts state that several women contributed substantial sums during the organization stage.

* The hospital was dedicated December 8, 1891.

institution. After many years of service, the original house was replaced by a fine new building, while it in turn has been added to, wing after wing, until the present institution, covering the whole block and adjoining property, has come to be.

January, 1898, R.S.M. writes after one of the Kirmesses: "I want to tell you about Inez Dibblee's dancing before the impression of it dies away, for I have never seen anything so exquisite and beautiful before. She flew upon the stage like a spirit, and danced with the grace and abandon of a bird. She reminded me indeed of a beautiful moth in her Turkish dress, and with diaphanous sleeves which she waved about as she moved. She carried a long gilt sword curved in shape, which she handled in a wonderful manner, posturing and waving it about her head. The house was crowded to see her, and most enthusiastic. I do not believe such grace was ever seen on any stage. Tonight we all go to see her dance the Spring dance.

"She called last night's dance, a "Turkish Sword Dance," and we were told it was her own creation. She seems more mature than when we saw her three years ago, but just as delicate and exquisite. The Kirmess is quite a success, and I hope they made a lot of money. Mrs. Doremus has been the head of the whole thing, and has done a great deal of hard work about it.

"Saturday: It was well I wrote my impressions when I did, as today I could not do justice to Miss D.'s dancing. A poor house last night made a great change in my feelings, and I saw how futile it is to repeat anything. Something new is what the public calls for. I suppose everyone was too tired to enjoy much; the Montecito people did not come in, and there was a small attendance generally. We all went and enjoyed it quietly.

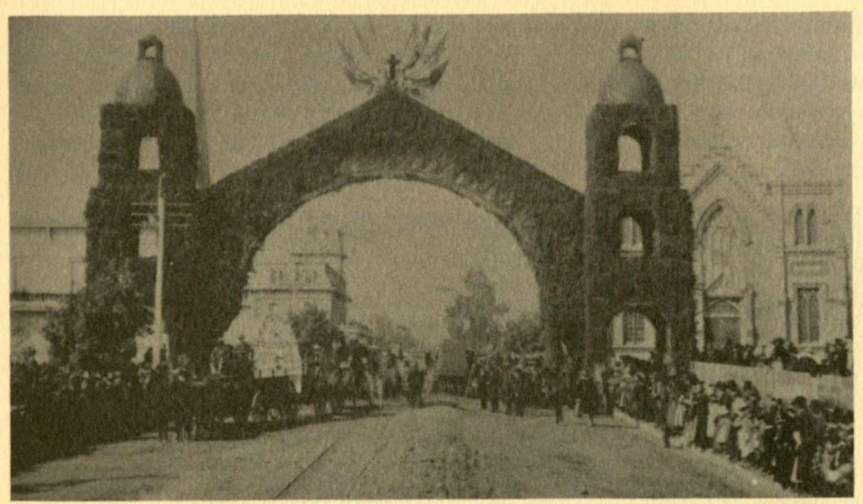
"It seems frivolous to be writing all this when war may be declared tomorrow, but while there is doubt there is hope. The drought is bad enough, but how insignificant compared with war! I cannot yet believe there will be one. I was much amused by a call from Miss B. a short time ago. When drought was spoken of, she said she still hoped for rain, 'they were praying for it at every service, and Mr. R. seemed quite in earnest!'"

The Old Mission's Centennial

A very interesting occasion the year after we came, was the celebration of the Santa Barbara Mission's hundredth anniversary the fourth of December, 1886. The Mission Fathers decided to arrange something worthy of the event. Protestants joined with the Catholics in showing honor on this important occasion, and every effort was made for an attractive procession.

The five thousand citizens were all there to see, or to join in the parade. A reproduction of the Mission towers on each side of an arch was placed near the old Catholic Church on State Street for the procession to march through. A pretty sight it was as they came marching down the hill—not many houses to obstruct the view.

It might have been a scene from the Middle Ages in a Santa Barbara setting. The priests in their brown garb, bearing a portrait of Father Junipero, the Indians in single file. The Spanish Dons in rich costumes on prancing horses; many ladies on horseback. Carriages carrying the oldest inhabitants; a



Mission Centennial arch Edson Smith Collection, S.B. Library

long line of every sort of conveyance, from the popular surrey to the lowly oxcart, flanked by trudging pedestrians. An impressive sight when thinking of the brave Father with his faithful Indian helpers, laboring and struggling through untold difficulties to build a suitable house for their worship.

The ravages of an earthquake forty years later left it a ruined temple. Now that it is so finely restored after the quake of 1925, may it see another hundred years of usefulness.

Several years later came the Flower Festival—an annual affair in the flower month of April. For four years it was given with spirit and enthusiasm. Getting more and more elaborate, it became a burden, too great an expense, and it was given up entirely.

Many beautiful and original designs were carried out, and carriages and floats were marvels of loveliness. Every possible vehicle, from baby cart to a coach and six were covered with flowers; some I recall as being very distinctive. A hay cart of hay was a rich setting for a group of young people decorated with wreaths and bouquets; a merry party they were in peasant dress. In contrast, a carriage covered with thousands of pink and white carnations, black horses and a handsome Mexican driver made a perfect picture.

An interesting one was trimmed and carried out in a fine Japanese design. Another of pampas plumes was amusing and original. One carriage was beautiful with Duchess roses; four horses with grooms walking at the horses' heads, pink ribbon reins and ladies with flower parasols completed the turnout. One of the simple ones was our two-wheeled cart which was quite transformed by a cover of white and yellow mustard flowing over it. On the seat were two pretty girls with parasols covered with flowers, a very dainty affair, and quite different from any other.

We had some brilliant balls during the festivals. I recall one where the girls were dressed in costumes representing flowers: One as a California poppy,

petals of orange satin dropping down on a skirt of cream color, with a green waist as calyx, very pretty in effect. Another as a fuchsia was striking and brilliant; another was a fair-haired girl, who had a gown trimmed most artistically with banksia roses. A beautiful native daughter was dressed in poinsettia colors; as the most graceful and beautiful dancer of course she was the belle of the ball.



Old Pavilion for fairs — Edson Smith Collection, S.B. Library

This ball was to be held in the old pavilion near the race track, a very poor place, which none regretted when it went up in flames a week before the date set for the ball. The energetic committee sent to San Francisco for a large tent which was placed on the Arlington lawn. It was white and airy, and proved, when richly decorated with flowers, a beautiful setting for the lovely minuet costumes. The last ball was held in a pavilion on the Bath House grounds, and was given for the officers who came with "The Fleet" in 1908. A brilliant affair at which the native dancer gave some unusual solos. As we approached the ballroom, an added charm were the lights from the sixteen ships glancing across the water.

You can see "The Fleet" came more than ten years after "Our Early Days," but it was such a beautiful, unusual sight that I like to mention it. Our first view of the sixteen vessels as they entered the harbor, forming a line on the blue ocean, with the delicate blue sky as a background, was the loveliest sight imaginable, like so many white birds in the distance waiting to fly in. Another view from the top of the Potter Hotel, was a panorama such as never had been seen before on our ocean. As it was before the War we could thoroughly enjoy it. They were in sight for five days and so [we] had many aspects of them. It was before the Panama Canal was built, and there was no shortcut to the Pacific on their trip around the world . . .

In a few paragraphs Miss Moor enumerated some of Santa Barbara's distinguished visitors: President Harrison, President Roosevelt, to whom Julia Williams, the woman lighthouse keeper was introduced; Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, and the Queen of the Belgians.

The Public Library

In this small community one would hardly expect to find a Free Public Library, but there was one here in a flourishing condition in the eighties. Started in 1882, I think, by Mr. Hugh Vail,* who made a generous contribution of books. He was prominent in many good works for the town. The books were housed in a room one flight up, on State Street, corner of Haley, for a short period, and the first Librarian was Mrs. Childs, who could have served only two or three years. Then the books were moved to the Clock Building, still upstairs, and Mrs. Rust, the Librarian, was in that office for twenty-two years.

Mrs. Rust had an original style of keeping accounts, a subject of curiosity and much interest to newcomers. Beans helped largely in the work, a bean dropped into a classified jar when a book was taken out was just as sure as figures, and easily counted at night. I can see the little glass jars in a row on the desk, five of them, I think. One was marked Biography, another History, Fiction, etc. As there was no money to pay an assistant, the beans must have been a great help. They suggest New England; perhaps Boston originated the unusual bookkeeping!

I imagine there was much time for the Librarian to peruse the books she liked to recommend, for she often told the patrons they should read this, and not that. She was an interesting character, and many amusing stories were told about her methods. She was not always amiable; who is? But above all, her heart was in her work.

For several years the Library had a building of its own on Carrillo Street next to the old Clock building [14 East Carrillo]; this was quite ample and pleasant after the cramped quarters upstairs. This was sold in 1917 when they moved into the fine commodious building which it is a pleasure to look at or to enter. A monthly distribution of forty thousand books in city and county, with over eighty branch libraries must keep many people busy. Mrs. Linn with her fine corps of assistants would be much amused if they could look back to the humble beginning of forty-five years ago . . . .

Miss Moor's account of the charming Oliver family of Mission Canyon will be published later.

The boom of 1887 was an unfortunate affair for us as well as for many others. We had been wise enough to buy a small place, which was all very well. Soon the boom started; values were raised, and the excitement grew until both men and women were foolishly crazy; many were crippled financially for years. A neighbor who had gone through with other years of similar excitement and should have known better, said, "Buy something today, ladies, no matter where; you can make no mistake." He with years of experience, giving such advice to poor friends, shows the rashness of the times.

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* Mr. Vail contributed books to an existing library.

The two pieces of land purchased by us were sold twenty-five years later at less than half the price paid, not counting the taxes. The piece of land whereon later was built the "Nutshell," was bought of the excitable neighbor of whom I have told you. He appeared next morning early after the purchase, with a very downcast face, and said his wife had cried all night because he had sold so much of their homestead; would we let him have half of it back? One sister clasped his hand and said she had worried all night over it, and would gladly give it all back—which was not what he wanted. However, one never can tell: if he had accepted, we might have missed the "Nutshell" experience which was unique.

A trying episode happened one morning when we were caring for our large family, the house full of pleasant people. A tramp appeared, asking, not for food, but for recognition. Rebecca went to speak to him; he told her he was a cousin's son, his father our own cousin. He was the ne'er-do-well in the family, whom we had once seen as a tormenting little boy.

Rebecca was shocked, but acted so quickly that nobody discovered the dilemma. She took the horse and cart and sped away with the undesirable, disreputable-looking cousin downtown, taking him first to a clothiers where she got him new trousers, which were much needed, then to the train, buying him a ticket to Los Angeles and telling him not to appear to us again. We were nervous for days after, expecting his return. Years afterward we could laugh at the episode, and our fright.

I wrote to his aunt in Waterville, and learned that he had tramped up and down the Mississippi River with a little son as companion. Several years later the son came to see us, a man of good appearance, quite clever as an electrician, and retrieving the sad impression left by his father.

By way of contrast, a very interesting young man met us at the breakfast table the next morning. We had been away the day before on a trip to Gaviota with two of our family who wished to show us their fine ranch. An early start, and late home at night in those days to make the twenty miles. By some remarkable intervention of Providence the meeting with this young man began a lasting friendship, which grew and continued as time went on. The young man came from eastern friends; he was an architect with modern ideas which he wished to utilize, also of literary attainments which would require time to improve. A quiet resort would be necessary for his purpose.

Land was available, five months after his arrival, three weeks saw a simple, commodious house built and ready for the three occupants who were eager for the change. The large family was getting tiresome, and the receiving of money had never been pleasant, though quite necessary. We said a crust of bread quite by ourselves would be more acceptable.

We felt that the four years of our experiment had been successful in many ways. The pleasant, warm friends we had made headed the list, for we were fond of people. Then the little friend, a delicate woman with a fine mind and a warm heart, had enjoyed her year, and had gone home to Cambridge quite satisfied. She loved California, and came back whenever she found funds sufficient. A young cousin later made a third with us for two happy years. She enjoyed her pet horse, riding, and she taught music, of which she was very

fond—a fine girl who was very dear to us.

In those days it was quite the custom for ladies to care for their horses, grooming them as well as feeding them. When we harnessed Richard, Ethel saddled "Pet," and we were off independently. Our first carriage was a two-wheeled cart, pretty and convenient, for our bronco horse, Don had a rather freaky disposition, sometimes turning suddenly with the bit in his teeth, which might have given us many an upset with four wheels.

Richard, our buggy horse, had a strong personality, more character than was always agreeable. He was mild and gentle on the road, but turned toward home, especially at night,he pranced and got up such an excitement that his driver thought he intended to run away, which, however, he never did—his oats were in his head. He was very fond of Jock, the coach dog, and would pick him up by the nape of his neck when he could reach him. Ruello, the saddle horse, was never broken to harness, and was soon replaced by a fine bay mare.

Neighbors at a New Home

Our neighbors at the "Nutshell," which stood in a grove of walnut trees, and was also named because it was so compact and so cleverly designed, were very interesting, especially the one who was responsible for our rash purchase of the land. A clever, intelligent man of most enthusiastic nature, always ready with a helping hand or witty remark. He had remarkable experiences and was very entertaining, knowing all about music, the inside of a watch, or the construction of a chaparral fence, which we entertained ourselves with building, adding an artistic covered gate at the entrance.

On the other side of our acre were some fine oak trees and pasture lands belonging to a remarkable lady who became our dear friend. Her husband was one of the leading bankers of Santa Barbara,* and she had an interesting son and daughter. Her garden was one of the show places of Santa Barbara, the setting for beautiful out-of-doors plays.

The "Nutshell" was very attractive: a large living room with open fire, a bank of windows at one end looking into the grove of green walnut trees; a gallery of windows at the other end with superb views of the mountains. At the west, a large sliding door taking in the fine oak trees nearby. At a convenient distance was the architect's office. A garden was in contemplation—meanwhile, wild roses greeted us at the front door. Our evenings were uninterrupted times for reading aloud many delightful books.

Our life at the "Nutshell" was not too quiet; we had many callers, friends, and others who were curious to see how we lived the simple life in the artistic little house in the open country with few houses near. Four hundred persons came in the first year, and of course we often had friends to tea or lunch. There were thirty walnut trees on the quarter-block which we owned. October was the time for gathering the nuts, which we decided to do ourselves, a tiresome, backbreaking process with blackened fingers; we did not attempt to do it again. But we were living close to the soil; much recommended for delicate people.

* The William Eddys, West Mission Street, near Castillo.

One night we experienced our first real thrill at a forest fire. We had seen the smoke on the mountains during the day, and heard stories of former fires, and the danger to the town if the wind changed to a certain direction while all around was dry and parched. We little realized the situation until evening; when darkness came, the smoke was less and the blaze more apparent. Then we thought of our friends in the Canyon and walked up to see how they fared, and to get a nearer view.

There we found a situation we little expected; carriages were at the door all packed with clothing and valuables, ready for a start at any moment. All was quiet and well arranged, as this was the third time the family had been in such a predicament from the danger of forest fires. We staid for hours watching the unusual sight; the mountains seemed ablaze, the flames passing from tree to tree, dying down and rising again in more brilliant flashes, constantly getting nearer and nearer, a most beautiful and fascinating sight which we were sorry to leave.

The family started for the Arlington, and we found it was getting late and a good long walk was ahead of us. Imagine our surprise when we came to the Mission to see the fire before us, creeping through the grass toward the road we had yet to go through. Fortunately, men were beating it out, and we were so excited that we sped down the hill at a good run.

One day we decided to have a cow. A neighbor who helped when needed about the house, was to milk, receiving a quart a day to recompense her. In a few weeks' time we had no milk, and she had the only quart; then we were glad to sell the cow to her former owner at half the price we had given.

The summers in the "Nutshell" (the walls without plaster), were rather hot, so we often took our evening meal at the shore, taking a cold lunch with us. A pavilion with seats and chairs provided a rest from the sand. There were always friends to talk with, and two or three hours passed pleasantly. One hot Saturday we all packed suitcases into the phaeton and took ourselves to Miramar for a week; Mrs. Doulton then had one boarder, just beginning what has proved such a popular, well-known resort.

A day late in June a trip to the Ojai was planned. An artist friend was taking his ladylove and her mother for a few days and we were urged to be of the party. We would drive ourselves in our own phaeton, and with such good company were sure of a nice outing. It seemed an attractive program. We would start late in the day and spend the night at Shepard's and be fresh the next morning to climb the mountains. A pleasant evening at the Inn, and then an early start the next morning, to avoid the noonday heat. We toiled on and on; the hills seemed to multiply as we went.

Twelve o'clock came, and although we had crossed the river fourteen times, we could see no sign of the Ojai. It was only by walking that Black Johnny could travel; he was almost white long before we got to the Pierpont House, and we were nearly as tired with the prostrating heat. Our fellow travelers were fortunate in having a tough old horse used to everyday work; Johnny, though young and strong, was soft and little used. A few days' rest and we started homeward quite by ourselves, a fine morning, no heat, and time to enjoy the beautiful scenery on every hand. Casitas Pass was the road

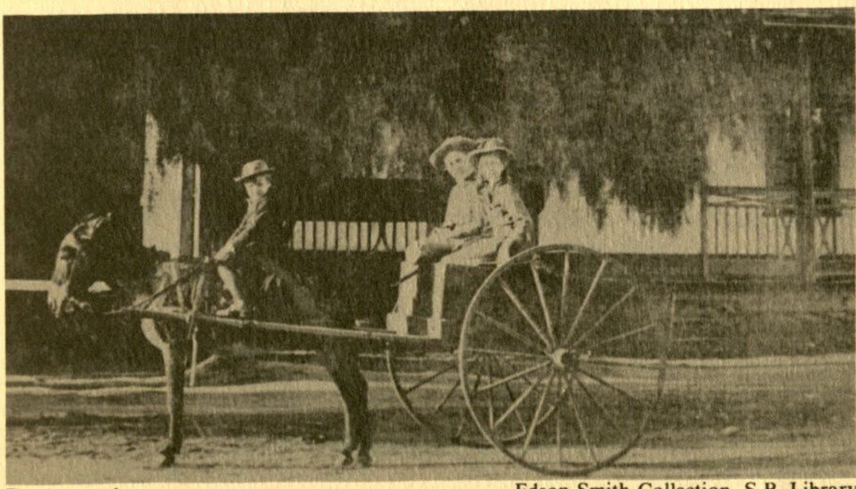
then traveled, more beautiful as I remember, than the longer way by Ventura. We had pleasant things to remember of the trip, but were quite decided that June was not the month for the Ojai. A lover along might ameliorate the condition, or the clever automobile, which appeared some years later.

In 1893 the two sisters, having acquired extra cash by sale of land in Maine, rented their Santa Barbara home and for six months visited the Chicago Fair and friends in the east whom they had not seen for nine years. The climate did not agree with Hannah, but relatives "could not understand why we preferred California, deserting our own state of Maine."

We had a real homesick feeling for several days before starting west, wondering if we had made a mistake in our decision. However, as we approached California, we were sure of our allegiance to our adopted state . . . .

As soon as feasible we began to build the house we had decided on while on our visit to Bangor. A cottage had to be moved; orange and fig trees were moved, and the house of ten rooms was soon started. In four months all was finished and occupied. It is said that owners and architects are seldom friends when the job is finished; it certainly is a test of friendship. As I remember, the most serious quarrels were over the plans. If there had been no nights, all things would have gone smoothly, but one can do much thinking in the dark. Our plans would seem nicely settled at night; next morning the three would have as many ideas, and changes had to be made all over. The architect said he never had so much trouble before. The owners declared they did not have their way in anything. However, the result was more than satisfactory, considering the limited means to work with, and they were all glad to move into the commodious new house.

In a few short years the architect took a trip abroad, after which he spent some time in the east. Meantime, the place was rented, and we began a series of peregrinations that would leave Jules Verne far in the background, only unlike him, our moves were all in Santa Barbara.



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